THE

CHILDREN's FRIEND.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF

MR. BERQUIN,

BY LUCAS WILLIAMS, ESQ.

A NEW CORRECTED EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS,

AND

EMBELLISHED WITH FORTY-FOUR COPPER-PLATES.

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The Hen

Cook Sc.

THE

CHILDREN's FRIEND.

THE HEN.

HOW happy was Cyprian in ſo worthy and affectionate a father as Mr. Tiſdall. Whenever he had ſhown himſelf for any length of time diſcreet and diligent, he was aſſured that his father would not fail to teſtify his ſatisfaction with ſome recompence or other. Cyprian had a taſte for gardening, and began, about the age of twelve, to cultivate choice flowers. His father ſaw it, and immediately began to ſtudy how he might afford his ſon more pleaſure.

They were both at dinner. Cyprian, ſaid his father, your preceptor has informed me, that you have begun this very day to read

the Roman Hiſtory, and the Geography of Italy. If, in a week, you can but give me an exact account of every thing you may have learned on theſe two ſubjects, you cannot think what I intend ſhall recompence your application!

Cyprian, one may eaſily ſuppoſe, did not forget ſuch a promiſe. He employed himſelf in ſtudying all the week, to get this recompence; or rather, he received ſuch pleaſure from his ſtudy, that indeed it was he who ſhould have beſtowed a recompence on his papa, if he had been able.

He ſaw the day of trial come, without anxiety; and underwent the examination like an hero. He had learned the hiſtory of all the kings of Rome, and marked out in his map the gradual progreſs of that growing empire.

In a tranſport of delight, his father took him by the hand, embraced and kiſſed him. Come, ſays he, ſince you have ſought to give me ſo much pleaſure, it is but juſt that I ſhould contribute in my turn to yours. Saying this, he led him into an adjoining garden, pointed out a vacant ſpot to him, and told him that it was to be his.

You

You may part it in two, continued he; and plant what flowers you like in one, and any vegetables that you think proper in the other. After this, they went into an out-houſe, cloſe behind the gardener's hut, where Cyprian found a ſpade, a watering-pot, a rake, and other implements of gardening, all perfectly adapted to his ſize and ſtrength. On the walls were baſkets hung up, of every ſize, great and ſmall, and on ſhelves about them, ſundry boxes full of roots, and bags of ſeeds; the whole together duly ticketed, with cards on every box and bag, marking the proper time for ſowing each article.

One ſhould be of Cyprian's age to know the exceſs of his joy upon this occaſion. In his mind, the little ſpot of earth which his father had aſſigned him, was as great as monarchs think their kingdoms; and whatever hours of relaxation his preceptor let him take, which he ſpent before in folly, were now taken up in cultivating his domain.

One day, when he came in from doing ſomething about his garden, he forgot to ſhut the gate. A hen was pecking near the

ſpot, and took it in her head to go a hunting on his grounds. The flower-bed had been ſtrewed but lately with a layer of the richeſt mould, and was conſequently quite full of worms.

The hen, charmed with ſuch delicious fare, began to ſcratch the mould up, and employ her beak as well as talons to unearth the worms; and in particular, ſhe took a mighty inclination to a part, where Cyprian had, the day before, been planting ſome fine pinks.

How great therefore was the exceſs of his rage when coming back to his plantation, he beheld the door a-jar, and this new-faſhioned gardener digging up his beds? Ah! ah! you impudent ſlut! ſaid he; your bones ſhall pay for this. And immediately he ſhut the door, for fear his victim ſhould eſcape, and picking up flintſtones, ſand, clods of earth, and whatever he could lay hold, he threw them at the bird, purſuing her all the while as cloſe as he could.

The frightened hen, at one time ran with all her ſpeed, and at another time ſtrove to fly upon the wall, but found that her

wings would not befriend her in reaching ſuch a height. Unhappily, ſhe fell back more than once on Cyprian's flowers, and got her wings and feet entangled with the fineſt hyacinths.

Young Cyprian, beholding her thus embroiled, ſuppoſed that he had her faſt. Two rows of tulips ſeparated them. His anger was ſo vehement, that ſtepping over, as he meant to do, this interval of ſeparation between the hen and him, he trod them down himſelf. The hen, however, at her enemy's approach, redoubled her former efforts, and attempted now a ſecond time to gain the wall. She roſe a great deal higher than before, yet ſtill came ſhort; but what was matter of regret for Cyprian, bore away with her, from underneath as ſhe roſe, a beautiful roſe-coloured ten-belled hyacinth. On this, he ſeized his rake, and flung it at the bird with all his ſtrength. The rake turned round, and while he fancied it upon the point of hitting the fugitive mark, it came down, and daſhed two panes of glaſs to pieces in a melon frame, as well as broke out two of its own teeth upon the ground.

The little fury, made much more furious by these damages, had run for his spade, and now the combat would perhaps have had fatal consequences for his feathered adversary, who fatigued and giddy had crept in between a rose-bush and the wall, if Mr. Tisdall, at first attracted to his window by the noise, had not made haste to her assistance.

The moment Cyprian saw his father, he stood stock still in evident confusion; however he made shift to find his tongue at last, and cried out, See, papa, what ravage this vile creature has committed in my garden!

Had you shut the door, replied his father with an affected indifference, this ravage would not have been made. I saw your whole behaviour. Are you not ashamed of having put forth all your strength against a harmless hen? She has no *reason* to conduct herself, and though she had rooted up your pinks, it was not with a wish to do you any damage, but to get her ordinary food. Now, Cyprian, should you have put yourself thus into a passion, if she had scratched up nothing but as many nettle-roots?

roots? And how can ſhe diſtinguiſh between pinks and nettles? It is yourſelf alone that are to blame for all this havock. With precaution you would certainly have driven her out ſo that ſhe might do no further miſchief; and in that caſe, neither your rake, nor my melon frame, would have gone to ruin, nor would your loſs have exceeded that of a few flowers. Therefore you alone are puniſhable, ſo that were I to cut a branch off from this hazle-tree, and with it make you ſuffer juſt what you deſigned the hen ſhould ſuffer—which of us would act with the greateſt juſtice? I ſhall not, however, go to this extremity, purpoſely to ſhew you that we may all ſuppreſs our reſentment, if we think proper. Notwithſtanding, for the damage done to my melon-frame, I ſhall deduct as much as will repair it, from the arrears of your allowance in my hands; for I am not to ſuffer through your raſhneſs.

Cyprian, upon this, withdrew much abaſhed, and all day durſt ſcarcely lift his eyes up, while before his father.

On the morrow, Mr. Tiſdall propoſed a walk, and aſked if he deſired to join him.

Cyprian followed, but oppreſſed with ſadneſs which he ſought in vain to hide. His father ſaw it, and affecting a degree of wonder, wiſhed to know why he appeared ſo grievouſly dejected.

Cyprian. Have I not the greateſt cauſe to be dejected? For this whole month paſt, I have denied myſelf many pleaſures, merely to buy ſomething for my ſiſter. I had ſaved ten ſhillings, with which I thought to purchaſe her a pretty hat; but muſt give the half of it perhaps to have your melon frame repaired.

Mr. Tiſdall. I dare ſay, you would have been delighted to oblige your ſiſter, but my melon frame, however, muſt be paid for firſt. This leſſon will teach you in future not to yield yourſelf up to the miſchiefs of reſentment, which in general aggravates the firſt misfortune happening to us.

Cyprian. Oh! you may depend upon it, ſir, I will never leave the garden-door open again, or take revenge upon a hen for what would be my own omiſſion.

Mr. Tiſdall. But, pray tell me, do you fancy

fancy that, in this vaſt univerſe, hens only have it in their power to do you damage?

Cyprian. O! no, no; for I can tell you, not above a week ago I left my map upon the table while I went a walking, and my little ſiſter coming into the room, with a pen and ink ſo blotted it all over, that no one could diſtinguiſh Europe from America.

Mr. Tiſdall. Then it is prudent to ſecure yourſelf againſt the miſchiefs that you may ſuffer from your fellow-creatures.

Cyprian. It is ſo, papa.

Mr. Tiſdall. Without deſiring in the leaſt to give you a diſtaſte of life, I can aſſure you that you will have to ſuffer many diſagreeable affairs, and thoſe a deal more prejudicial to you, than the miſchiefs cauſed by the hen. Mankind always ſeek their intereſt and their pleaſures, juſt as hens ſeek worms; and they will do ſo at the hazard of your intereſts, as hens will at the hazard of your flowers.

Cyprian. I ſee it plainly, ſir, by Bella's behaviour; ſince the little pleaſure that ſhe received from ſcribbling on a bit of paper, has occaſioned me the loſs of an extremely uſeful map.

Mr. Tiſdall. But could you not have avoided this loſs by putting up your map before you left the apartment?

Cyprian. Certainly.

Mr. Tiſdall. Then think for the future to conduct yourſelf ſo, that nobody may have power ɟo do you any real miſchief; but if after all, in ſpite of your precaution, you ſhould be ſo unlucky as to receive an injury, conſider how you may endure it, ſo as not to render the firſt wrong ſtill more prejudicial.

Cyprian. Ay, papa; but how muſt I endure it?

Mr. Tiſdall. With indifference, if it be a ſlight injury, but, on the other hand, if a great one, with courage. Now that we are by ourſelves, I dare propoſe to you as an example the conduct that I purſue towards Mr. Hotham.

Cyprian. Pray don't ſpeak of him, papa. For theſe two years paſt, he has taken no notice of you whenever you have met each other, and there cannot be a falſity that he will not ſay to injure you in the opinion of the world.

Mr.

Mr. Tiſdall. And do you know what urges him to ſuch behaviour?

Cyprian. That I never yet durſt aſk you.

Mr. Tiſdall. Nothing but the preference which I obtained reſpecting an employment that my father had moſt worthily filled up for five and thirty years, and to which he had affectionately formed me by the moſt diligent inſtruction. Mr. Hotham had no title to the poſt, except his ignorance and ſelf-ſufficiency. My right ſucceeded, notwithſtanding all his intereſt, and therefore am I honoured with his calumny and hatred.

Cyprian. Ah! papa, were I as big as you, I'd teach him better manners.

Mr. Tiſdall. Quite the contrary; I let him go on railing at me juſt as he thinks fit. The conduct which you ſhould have purſued, when you were injured by the hen, I faithfully purſue towards him. The pinks that ſhe ſcratched up by the roots, in ſeeking for worms, may repreſent the reputable character that I bear, and which in order to gratify the worm of Envy that gnaws him, he labours to undo. Were I to ſeek the means of puniſhing him, I

ſhould trample under foot that deference and reſpect which I owe to myſelf, as you trod under foot your tulips. The melon-frame and rake which you damaged, are that wealth and peace of mind that I ſhould deſtroy by hurrying on to vengeance. Taught in future by the loſſes that you have ſuffered, you will ſhut the garden-door, in order to keep the hen out. Taught too by the wicked diſpoſition of my enemy, I lay, by means of proper conduct on my part, an inſuperable barrier between us. Thus inacceſſible to his vindictive attempts, I enjoy the comforts of my moderation, while he ſpends himſelf in thoſe attempts, and will in time experience the compunction of his evil conſcience. Could his inſults vex me, I ſhould make myſelf the victim that he would ſacrifice, and be reproached for imbecility, by every worthy character of my acquaintance; while on the other hand the inſenſibility that I manifeſt for his injurious treatment, yields him to his own contempt, and, in the minds of good men, keeps up the reputation that I have gained among them.

Cyprian. Ah! papa, what trouble may I not

not ſhun hereafter, by remembering every thing that you have taught me!

Theſe laſt words were hardly uttered, when they found themſelves at home, without imagining that they had been ſo near it. Their diſcourſe, for the remainder of the day, was a continuation of the paſt; and bed-time being come, they ſeparated quite content with one another. Cyprian ſunk to ſlumber, with a boſom full of gratitude for the inſtruction which he had juſt received, and Mr. Tiſdall poſſeſſing all the ſatisfaction that a good father cannot but experience, who is ſenſible that he has done ſomething to promote his offspring's happineſs.

THE ROSE-BUSH.

WHO will give me ſome nice tree or other for my garden? ſaid little Frederic one day to his brothers Auguſtus and Jaſper, and his ſiſter Jemima.

(Their papa had given them each a little bit

bit of ground to ſow or plant, as they thought proper.)

Oh not I, ſaid Auguſtus; not I, ſaid Jaſper.

Well then, I will, anſwered Jemima. Let me know what ſort of tree you would like?

A roſe-buſh, cried Frederic. Do but look at mine: it is the only one now left me; and the leaves, as you may ſee, are turned quite yellow.

Come then, ſaid the lively Jemima, come and chuſe one for yourſelf. On which ſhe led him to a little ſpot of ground that ſhe cultivated; and the moment they had entered, pointing with her finger to a charming roſe-buſh, told him he had nothing to do, but to take it up immediately.

Frederic. How, ſiſter! you have only two, and wiſh beſides to give me up the fineſt! No, no; here is the leaſt, and juſt ſuch as I want.

Jemima. You do not know how much pleaſure I ſhall feel, if you will but take the other, Frederic. This may ſcarce produce you any flowers next ſummer; but the other will, I am certain: and you know, I ſhall

ſhall be pleaſed as much with looking at it elſewhere, when full blown, as if it had continued in my garden.

Frederic overjoyed, approached the roſe-buſh, took it up; and Jemima, much more pleaſed, aſſiſted in the tranſplantation.

It appears that the gardener noticed this ſurpriſing piece of kindneſs in the little girl. Away he ran, ſelected from a number of young Windſor pear-trees, one which he thought the fineſt, and immediately conveyed it into Jemima's garden, planting it exactly in the ſpot with the roſe-buſh had poſſeſſed before.

Thoſe who have a churliſh nature hardly ever are aſſiduous: therefore when the ſummer months were come, Jaſper and his brother having never attended their roſe-plants, they promiſed no great quantity of flowers; and to increaſe their diſappointment, the chief part of thoſe which they thought were coming, periſhed in the bud; while on the contrary Frederic's roſe-buſh, in conſequence of great attention paid it by himſelf and Jemima, bore the fineſt cent-foil roſes that the whole county could boaſt; and as long as it remained in flower, the

happy

happy Frederic always had a rofe to ftick in fweet Jemima's bofom, and another for himfelf to fmell.

Likewife did the Windfor pear-tree thrive furprifingly: it fcattered a delicious perfume over all the garden, and foon grew fo thick and lofty as to yield a tolerable fhade. Jemima ufed to come and take her feat beneath it, when the fun was hotteft; as her father alfo did, when he would tell her charming ftories, fome of which would make her all at once burft out a laughing till her fides even ached again; and others produced fuch agreeable melancholy in her, that foon after fhe would fmile with pleafure at the recollection of her forrow.

Here is one that he told her for her generofity towards Frederic; by which ftory fhe was thoroughly convinced that fuch as we oblige can recompence our generofity; which circumftance, he faid, without adverting to the fatisfaction of our hearts, muft be a ftrong incentive to kind actions.

THE NOSEGAYS.

LITTLE Gerald went out one morning with his neighbour Eugene, to divert themſelves by gathering flowers. Their eagerneſs would not allow them to diſpatch their breakfaſt in the houſe: they took it with them in their hands.

They met a beggar-woman in the way, who had a child apparently expiring, as it were, with hunger.

My dear little maſter, ſaid the woman, looking upon Gerald, who happened to be firſt, for heaven's ſake give my child a morſel of your bread. He has not had a bit of any thing to eat ſince yeſterday.

It may be ſo, ſaid Gerald; but I am very hungry likewiſe, and went forward, munching all the way.

Now what was Eugene's conduct? He was no leſs hungry, we muſt think, than his companion; but beholding how the poor child cried, he gave up his bread and butter; and received a hundred bleſſings which God heard in heaven.

But

But this is not the whole. The little boy, revived by what the charitable Eugene had beſtowed upon him, inſtantly began to run before his benefactor, brought him to a meadow, where he knew there was a multitude of flowers, and helped him to make up ſo magnificent a noſegay, that the pleaſant ſmell proceeding from it made him quite forget his trouble.

Eugene, after this, went home and ſhewed it with a deal of pleaſure; for not only was the ſweetneſs of it very grateful, but its ſize was ſuch that he might eaſily have hid his face behind it.

Next day likewiſe they went out, and then another little boy, whoſe name was Watty, met them.

After having taken half a dozen turns with Gerald and Eugene in the meadow, Watty, looking down, perceived his buckle loſt, and begged them both to aſſiſt him in ſearching for it. Oh, ſays Gerald, I cannot ſpare time enough for that at preſent, and went on; but Eugene ſtopped immediately, that he might be of ſervice to his little friend.

He walked a long while up and down,

both

both ſtooping all the way, and patting with his hand, to try if he could feel it in the graſs: and had at laſt the happineſs to find it.

Watty too was happy; and they ſet about the buſineſs which had brought them thither.

Watty, out of gratitude, beſtowed the fineſt flowers of thoſe which he had gathered, upon Eugene; but paid no regard to Gerald, who had refuſed to help him; ſo that Eugene had that day alſo, a finer noſegay than Gerald, aud came back as ſatisfied as the other was diſcontented.

Gerald ſuppoſed the third day he might prove more lucky: He preceded Eugene, and defied him to collect a finer noſegay than he ſhould. But hardly were they come into the meadow, when behold the little boy who had been fed by Eugene, came to meet him with a baſket full of flowers, which, it ſeems, he had gathered that morning.

Gerald would have begun to gather for himſelf; but how was he to find the flowers? The little boy had got up earlier by far than he; and therefore he had ſtill leſs

flowers

flowers that day than either of the two preceding.

They were going home, but met little Watty.

My dear friend, ſaid he to Eugene, I have not forgot the ſervice that you did me yeſterday, and have taken ſuch a liking to you, that I could wiſh to be at all times in your company. Papa too, though he never ſaw you, has the ſame ideas in your favour, and has bid me come and fetch you to his houſe this morning: He deſigns to tell us merry ſtories, and afterwards will play with us.

I will take you to a garden here hard by us, where we are allowed to walk, and there you will find four or five companions of my age to welcome you; when we are all together we will play at whatever game you like.

Eugene inſtantly laid hold of Watty's hand, and flew like lightning with him towards the garden. As for Gerald, poor fellow! he went home quite melancholy. Watty had not once invited him.

He learned by theſe three days adventures,

tures, but particularly by the laſt, how much one gains by kindneſs and aſſiſtance granted to others. He reformed his churliſh temper; and would certainly, in time, have ſhewn himſelf as courteous to the full as Eugene, if this laſt, by having exerciſed a friendly diſpoſition from his cradle, had not conferred his favours with a greater grace.

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

A Silly ſervant-maid had poſſeſſed the imagination of her maſter's children with a hundred fooliſh tales of ſpirits, and particularly of a black-faced goblin, as ſhe called it.

Antonia, one of theſe poor children, for the firſt time in her life, beheld a chimney-ſweeper knocking at her father's door. She made a lamentable outcry, and betook herſelf for refuge to the firſt apartment that ſhe found open, which apartment was the kitchen.

Hardly had ſhe hid herſelf behind a ta-
ble,

ble, when the black-faced man came in, as if, in her imagination, he had meant to follow her.

This frightened her a ſecond time; and up ſhe ran into a pantry, higher than the kitchen floor by half a dozen ſteps, and not a great way from the fire-place: where ſhe thought ſhe ſhould be ſafe from danger, in a corner.

She had hardly come, however, to herſelf, when ſuddenly ſhe heard the frightful fellow ſinging in the chimney; and, with bruſh and ſcraper, making all the while a rattling noiſe againſt the bricks about him.

Being ſeized with terror, ſhe jumped up, and leaping through a window, which was rather low, into the garden, ran quite breathleſs towards an arbour at the bottom of it, where ſhe fell half dead, and almoſt void of motion, cloſe beſide a tree.

Though ſhe had changed her ſituation by ſo great a diſtance, yet hardly did ſhe venture to look about her; when by chance ſhe ſaw the black-faced man appear again, and wave his bruſh about him, at the chimney-top.

On this, Antonia almoſt ſplit her throat with crying out, Help! help!

Her father heard the cry, and running towards the arbour, aſked what ailed her, that ſhe cried out ſo! Antonia had not ſtrength ſufficient to articulate a ſingle word, and therefore, keeping ſilence, pointed to the place where Grim was then ſitting aſtride, and flouriſhing his bruſh.

Her father ſmiled; and to convince her what ſmall cauſe ſhe had for terror, waited till the chimney-ſweeper was come down. He then bade him be called, and cleaned a little in Antonia's preſence; after which, without explaining matters any further, he ſent up into the houſe to fetch his barber, who, it happened, was then waiting for him, and who conſequently had his face all over white with powder.

She was heartily aſhamed of having feared ſo much, without occaſion; and her father took this opportunity of giving her to underſtand, that there were whole nations, in a certain quarter of the globe, all over black by nature, but not therefore to be dreaded by white children; ſince theſe laſt were, in another country, generally nurſed

by

by women purchaſed of thoſe nations, without loſing any of their whiteneſs.

Ever afterwards, Antonia was the firſt to laugh at ſilly ſtories, told by ſilly people, of hobgoblins and the like, to fright her.

THE CHERRIES.

JOHANNA and Felix one day got permiſſion, from their dear mama, to take a turn or two about the garden, by themſelves: they had deſerved this confidence placed in them, by their paſt diſcretion.

They amuſed themſelves, by playing for a time together, with that decent gaiety by which it is eaſy to diſtinguiſh young children who have been well brought up.

Againſt the garden wall grew many fruit-trees, and among them a young cherry-tree, which had no earlier than the year before been grafted, and was now in fruit. Its fruit indeed was very little; but on that account, perhaps, much the finer.

Mrs.

Mrs. Dutton, their mother, did not want to gather them, though ripe. She kept them for her huſband's eating, who that very day was to return from York where buſineſs had a long time kept him.

As the children were accuſtomed to obedience, and forbidden once for all to gather any kind of fruit, or pick up even ſuch as they might find upon the ground, to eat it, without aſking leave, ſhe thought it uſeleſs to ſay any thing about this cherry-tree.

When Johanna and Felix were fatigued with running up and down the terrace, Come, ſaid Felix, let us do ſomething elſe now; upon which they joined their hands, and walked ſedately towards the bottom of the garden, caſting every now and then a look of appetite upon the fruit with which the eſpaliers were loaded.

They were ſoon come up to this late grafted tree. A little blaſt of wind had ſhaken the fineſt cherries from it, and they lay upon the ground cloſe by. Young Felix was the firſt to ſee them. He advanced his foot, ſtooped down, and picked them up, eat ſome, and gave Johanna ſome, who eat them likewiſe.

They had not yet flung the ſtones away, when as it chanced, Johanna recollected her mama's command to eat no fruit but what ſhe might think fit to give her.

Ah! ſaid ſhe to Felix, we have diſobeyed mama by eating any of theſe cherries, and ſhall make her angry with us, when ſhe comes to know it. What had we beſt do?

Felix. Why need mama know any thing about it? We may hold our tongues.

Johanna. No, no; ſhe needs muſt know it, brother. She frequently forgives us the greateſt faults that we can commit, when we confeſs them of ourſelves.

Felix. Yes, yes; but in this inſtance we have diſobeyed her, and ſhe never yet forgave us diſobedience.

Johanna. When ſhe puniſhes our faults, I need not tell you, brother, it is becauſe ſhe loves us; and in conſequence of being puniſhed, we are not ſo very likely to forget, as otherwiſe we ſhould, what we may do, and what we may not.

Felix. True, but ſhe is always ſorry when ſhe puniſhes our faults, and being ſorry, ſhe

ſhe is unhappy, ſo I ſhould not like to ſee mama unhappy, which would be the caſe did ſhe but know what we have done.

Johanna. Neither ſhould I wiſh to ſee my mama unhappy; but would ſhe not be much more ſo, upon diſcovering that we had wiſhed to hide our faults? Should we be bold enough to look her in the face while we were ſecretly reproached by our own hearts? or rather, ſhould we not be quite aſhamed to hear her call us her dear children, knowing as we muſt, how little we deſerve it?

Felix. Ah, my deareſt ſiſter! you have quite convinced me; and indeed we ſhould, in that caſe, be two little monſters: therefore let us go to her, and acknowledge what we have done.

They kiſſed each other, and went hand in hand to their mama's apartment.

Dear mama, began Johanna, we have diſobeyed you, and not remembered what you forbade us. Puniſh me and Felix as we merit, but pray do not be angry with us; we ſhould both be quite uneaſy were our fault to make you ſorry or unhappy.

She related, in the next place, what her

brother and herſelf had done, without endeavouring to excuſe the action.

Mrs. Dutton was ſo affected with the openneſs of Felix and Johanna, that a tear of tenderneſs and love eſcaped her. She could not reſolve on puniſhing their fault, but generouſly overlooked it. She well knew that children of a happy diſpoſition are more powerfully wrought on by the recollection of a mother's kindneſs, than by that of her ſeverity.

HOT COCKLES.

The Elder and Younger.

The Younger. BRother, all our friends have left us, and yet ſtill I am in a playing humour. What game ſhall we chuſe?

The Elder. There are only two of us, and I am afraid, we ſhould not be much diverted.

The Younger. Let us play at ſomething, however.

The

The Elder. But at what?

The Younger. At blindman's buff, for inſtance.

The Elder. That is a game that would never end. It would not be as if there were a dozen, of which number ſome are generally off their guard; but where there are only two, I ſhould not find it difficult to ſhun you, or you me: and then when we had caught each other, we ſhould know for certain who it was.

The Younger. That is true, indeed. Well then, what think you of *Hot Cockles?*

The Elder. That would be the ſame, you know. We could not poſſibly gueſs wrong.

The Younger. Perhaps we might. However, let us try.

The Elder. With all my heart, if it will pleaſe you. Look ye, if you like it, I will be the *hot cockles* firſt.

The Younger. Do, brother. Put your right hand on the bottom of this chair: now ſtoop down and lay your face quite cloſe upon it that you may not ſee. That is well: and now, your left hand on your back. Well, maſter! but I hope your eyes are ſhut?

The Elder. Yes, yes : do not be afraid.

The Younger. Well, maſter, what have you to ſell ?

The Elder. Hot cockles ! hot !

The Younger, (ſlapping him.) Who ſtruck ?

The Elder, (getting up.) Why who, you little gooſe ! but you ?

The Younger. Yes, yes ; but with which hand ?

The eldeſt did not dream of ſuch a queſtion : he was taken by ſurpriſe, and ſaid *the right*, at hazard.—It was with the left however that he had been ſtruck ; and thus the youngeſt outwitted him.

THE BREAKFAST.

COME, ſaid Mr. Glaſſington to Percival his ſon, one beauteous ſummer morning, here is a baſket with ſome cake and currants in it. Let us go and breakfaſt by the river's ſide.

With all my heart, papa, ſaid Percival, and jumped about for joy. He took the baſket

basket in one hand, and with the other in his father's, hastened towards the river. Having reached it, they walked on a little way to chuse a proper place; when Mr. Glassington arriving at a very pleasant spot, cried out, Let us stop here, Percival; for this methinks will yield us a delightful prospect, while we sit and eat.

Percival. But how are we to eat without a table?

Mr. Glassington. Fortunately, here is the trunk of an old tree, which would serve by way of table very well, if we had need of one; but you may eat your currants as they lie together in the basket.

Percival. So I can: but how shall we supply the want of chairs?

Mr. Glassington. And do you reckon this soft grass then nothing? See how thick it is set with flowers. We will take our seat upon it: or perhaps you would rather chuse the carpet?

Percival. Chuse the carpet! Why you know, papa, the carpet is fast nailed down upon the parlour floor.

Mr. Glassington. It is true, there is a carpet there; but there is one here also.

Percival. I do not ſee it, if there is.

Mr. Glaſſington. Why, what is the graſs then, but a carpet for the fields? And what a charming one too! It is of a freſher colour, and much more downy than any one that we have. Then how ſpacious! it covers every hill, and all the level plain. The lambs repoſe upon it at their eaſe. Think, Percival, what they would have to ſuffer, on a bare or ſtony piece of ground! Their limbs are ſo extremely delicate, they could not but be very quickly injured. They have mothers, but thoſe mothers cannot make them up ſoft feather-beds. God therefore has provided for them better than the poor ſheep can, and made them this ſoft couch, where they may roll about, or ſleep entirely at their eaſe.

Percival. And then, papa, there is one good thing beſides, that they may eat it when they like.

Mr. Glaſſington. Oho! I underſtand your meaning: ſo here take your cake and currants.

Percival, (biting off a bit.) Oh! how good! There is nothing wanting but a ſtory while I am eating. Will you tell

me

The Breakfast

me one, papa; the prettieſt that you know?

Mr. Glaſſington. With all my heart. Your cake reminds me of a ſtory that I can tell about three cakes.

Percival. One, two, three cakes! Oh, what a charming ſtory that muſt be! So quick, papa, and tell it me.

Mr. Glaſſington. Come then firſt, and ſit beſide me. Be wholly at your eaſe, and then you will hear the better.

Percival. I am quite ready; ſo begin, papa.

THE THREE CAKES.

Mr. Glaſſington. There was a little boy named Henry, about your age. His parents had but lately fixed him at a boarding-ſchool. He was a ſpecial boy, for ever at his book, and happened once to get the higheſt place at exerciſes. His mama was told it. She could by no means avoid dreaming of the pleaſure; and when morning came, ſhe got up early, ſent to ſpeak with the cook, and ſaid as follows: Cook, you are to make a cake for Henry, who yeſ-

terday was very good at ſchool. With all my heart, replied the cook, and ſet immediately about it. It was as big as—let me ſee,—as big as—as a hat when flapped. The cook had ſtuffed it with nice almonds, large Piſtachio nuts, and candied lemon-peel, and iced it over with a coat of ſugar, ſo that it was very ſmooth, and of a perfect white. The cake no ſooner was come home from baking, than the cook put on her things, and carried it to ſchool. When Henry firſt ſaw it, he jumped up and down, like any Merry Andrew. He was not ſo patient as to wait 'till they could let him have a knife, but fell upon it tooth and nail.—He eat and eat 'till ſchool began, and after ſchool was over he eat again: at night too it was the ſame thing 'till bed-time. Nay, a little fellow that Henry had for a play-mate, told me that he put the cake upon his bolſter when he went to bed, and waked and waked a dozen times, that he might take a bit. I cannot ſo eaſily believe this laſt particular; but then it is very true, at leaſt, that on the morrow, when the day was hardly broke, he ſet about his favourite buſineſs once again,

continuing

continuing at it all the morning, and by noon had eaten it up. The dinner-bell now rung, but Henry, as one may fancy, had no ſtomach, and was vexed to ſee how heartily the other children eat. It was, however, worſe than this at five o'clock, when ſchool was over. His companions aſked him if he would not play at cricket, taw, or kites. Alas! he could not; ſo they played without him. In the mean time Henry could hardly ſtand upon his legs; he went and ſat down in a corner very gloomy, while the children ſaid one to another, What is the matter with poor Henry, who uſed to ſkip about, and be ſo merry? See how pale and ſorrowful he is! The maſter came himſelf, and ſeeing him, was quite alarmed. It was all loſt labour to interrogate him. Henry could not be brought to ſpeak a ſingle word. By great good luck, a boy at length came forward in the ſecret; and his information was, that Henry's mama had ſent him a great cake the day before, which he had ſwallowed in an inſtant as it were, and that his preſent ſickneſs was occaſioned only by his gluttony. On this, the maſter ſent for an apo-

thecary, who ſoon ordered him a quantity of phyſic, phial after phial. Henry, as one would fancy, found it very nauſeous, but was forced to take the whole for fear of dying; which, had he omitted it, would certainly have been the caſe. When ſome few days of phyſic and ſtrict regimen had paſſed, his health was re-eſtabliſhed as before; but his mama proteſted that ſhe would never let him have another cake.

Percival. He did not merit ſo much as the ſmell of ſuch a thing. But this is but one cake, papa: and you informed me that there were three, if you remember, in your ſtory.

Mr. Glaſſington. Patience! patience! here is another cake in what I am now going to tell.

Henry's maſter had another ſcholar, whoſe name was Francis. He had written his mama a very pretty letter, and it had not ſo much as a blotted ſtroke; in recompence for which ſhe ſent him likewiſe a great cake, and Francis thus ſaid to himſelf: I will not, like that glutton Henry, eat up my cake at once, and ſo be ſick as he was: no, I will make my pleaſure laſt a great

deal

deal longer. So he took the cake, which he could hardly lift by reafon of its weight, and watched the opportunity of flipping up into his chamber with it, where his box was, and in which he put it under lock and key. At play-time every day he flipped away from his companions, went up ftairs a tip-toe, cut a tolerable flice off, fwallowed it, put by the reft, and then came down and mixed again with his companions. He continued this clandeftine bufinefs all the week; and even then the cake was hardly half confumed. But what enfued? At laft the cake grew dry, and quickly after mouldy; nay, the very maggots got into it, and by that means had their fhare; on which account it was not then worth eating, and our young curmudgeon was compelled to fling the reft away with great reluctance. However, no one grieved for him.

Percival. No indeed; nor I, papa. What, keep a cake locked up feven days together, and not give one's friend a bit! That is monftrous! But let us have the other now.

Mr. Glaffington. There was another little gentleman who went to fchool with Henry

 and

and Francis likewiſe, and his name was Gratian. His mama ſent *him* a cake one day, becauſe ſhe loved him, and indeed he loved her alſo very much. It was no ſooner come, than Gratian thus addreſſed his young companions: Come and look at what mama has ſent me; you muſt every one eat with me. They ſcarce needed ſuch a welcome piece of information twice, but all got round the cake, as you have doubtleſs ſeen the bees reſorting to a flower juſt blown. As Gratian was provided with a knife, he cut a great piece off, and then divided it into as many ſhares as he had brought boys together by ſuch a courteous invitation. Upon this he ranged them in a circle, and beginning with the boy who then ſtood next him, he went round, diſtributing to each his portion, 'till the ſhares were all diſpoſed of in this manner. Gratian then took up the reſt, and told them that he would eat his piece next day; on which he put it up, and went to play with his companions who were all ſolicitous to have him chuſe whatever game he thought might entertain him moſt.

A quarter of an hour had ſcarcely paſt

as they were playing, when a poor old man, who had a fiddle, came into the yard. He had a very long white beard, and being blind, was guided by a little dog who went before him with a collar round his neck. To this a cord was faſtened, which the poor blind man held in his hand. It was noticed with how much dexterity the little dog conducted him, and how he ſhook a bell which, I forgot to ſay, hung underneath his collar, when he came near any one, as if he had deſigned to ſay by ſuch an action, Do not throw down or run againſt my maſter. Being come into the yard, he ſat him down upon a ſtone, and hearing ſeveral children talking round him, My dear little gentlemen, ſaid he, I will play you all the pretty tunes that I know, if you will give me leave. The children wiſhed for nothing half ſo much. He put his violin in tune, and then thrummed over ſeveral jigs, and other ſcraps of muſic, which it was eaſy to conjecture had been new in former times. Little Gratian ſaw that while he played his merrieſt airs, a tear would now and then roll down his cheeks, on which he ſtooped to aſk him why he wept?

wept? Becaufe, faid the mufician, I am very hungry. I have no one in the world that will give my dog or me a bit of any thing to eat. I wifh I could but work, and get for both of us a morfel of fomething; but I have loft my ftrength and fight. Alas! I laboured hard till I was old, and now I want bread. The generous Gratian hearing this, wept too. He did not fay a word: but ran to fetch the cake which he had defigned to eat himfelf. He brought it out with joy, and as he ran along, began, Here, good old man, here is fome cake for you. Where? replied the poor mufician, feeling with his hands; where is it? for I am blind, and cannot fee you. Gratian put the cake into his hand, when laying down his fiddle on the ground, he wiped his eyes, and then began to eat. At every piece he put into his mouth, he gave his faithful little dog a bit, who came and ate out of his hand; and Gratian, ftanding by him, fmiled with pleafure at the thought of having fed the poor old man when he was hungry.

Percival. Oh the good, good Gratian!— Let me have your knife, papa.

Mr.

The Three Cakes

Mr. Glaſſington. Here, Percival; but why my knife?

Percival. I will tell you. I have only nibbled here a little of my cake, ſo pleaſed I was in liſtening to you! So I will cut it ſmooth. There—See how well I have ordered it!—Theſe ſcraps, together with the currants, will be more than I ſhall want for breakfaſt: and the firſt poor man that I meet going home, ſhall have the reſt, even though he ſhould not play upon the violin.

THE LITTLE GAMBLERS.

A DRAMA, in ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

MR. FLETCHER.		
HONORIA,	-	*his Daughter.*
AUGUSTINE,	-	*his Son.*
JONATHAN,	-	*Auguſtine's Neighbour.*
ALBERT,	-	*his Friend.*
RICH, VYSE, CRIB,	- -	*Gamblers.*

The SCENE *is in the garden of Mr. Fletcher; during the firſt act, in one part, after which it changes to another part.*

SCENE I.

Jonathan, Albert.

Albert. WHAT have you to do at Auguſtine's, then?

Jonathan. I want to have a little converſation with him, Albert; and you know him likewiſe.

Albert. Yes, by ſight. You have not always been ſo intimate, I fancy, as you are at preſent.

Jonathan.

Jonathan. Not before my father took a lodging here, adjoining his apartments. We fee one another often now; and laft night were together for an hour or two, at cards.

Albert. I think, of late, you talk of nothing elfe but cards; and I have feen you frequently along with Rich and Vyfe, of whom I cannot fay any good.

Jonathan. You know them but too well; and would to heaven that I had never feen them!

Albert. Is it fo? But you may break off their acquaintance when you pleafe.

Jonathan. That is not, at prefent, in my power. Would you betray me, if I told you fomething?

Albert. We have long been friends; and would you fear to truft me, Jonathan?

Jonathan. O my dear good Albert! they have made me miferable, and engaged me to do things for which my father would renounce me if he knew them. I have not a moment's peace.

Albert. Alas! what are they?

Jonathan. Yefterday they got me to go with them to a place where one *Crib* waited

for

for them. We ſat down to play, and I loſt all I had.

Albert. They cheated you, no doubt. But ſtill there is no great miſchief done; for never play again, and then your loſs will be a gain.

Jonathan. But this is not the whole. As I had no more money, and ſtill wanted to win back my loſs, I ſtill played on, and in the end they got poſſeſſion of my watch, my coat and waiſtcoat buttons, buckles, and, in ſhort, of every thing that I had worth ſelling. I owe Crib a guinea likewiſe, and he will tell my father, if I cannot find means to pay him to-day.

Albert. There is but one thing that you can do. Confeſs the whole directly to your father. I am ſure, he will pardon you on your repentance.

Jonathan. Never! never!

Albert. What will you do, then?

Jonathan. I dare not tell you.

Albert. Let me know it.

Jonathan. I communicated my diſtreſs to Rich and Vyſe, and they adviſed a ſcheme to extricate me.

Albert. A fine ſcheme, no doubt!

Jonathan.

Jonathan. It is not certainly the faireſt, as you will ſay; but what am I at liberty to do? I have already introduced them to young Auguſtine. He has money.

Albert. Well; you do not intend to rob him, ſurely?

Jonathan. Heaven forbid! They only mean to ſerve him juſt as Crib ſerved me; and then we are to ſhare the winnings, ſo that I may pay my debt.

Albert. And ſo, becauſe you have been pillaged yourſelf, you would aſſiſt them to defraud your friend too? But how know you that Auguſtine will not win?

Jonathan. Oh! no: he plays quite fair.

Albert. And you like a ſharper?

Jonathan. Like a ſharper?

Albert. No; I am ſenſible that you play as fair as Auguſtine, and therefore you loſt. Now, as I hope you always mean to play ſo, how can you be ſure of winning?

Jonathan. I do not know how it is; but they inform me that they have certain ways by which they are ſure of winning.

Albert. Ways! They are knaviſh tricks, and would you uſe them? I am not rich, and yet I would not mend my fortune by

your

your certain ways. I am even ſorry that you have told me your intention.

Jonathan. My dear Albert, have compaſſion on me, and I promiſe——

Albert. Promiſe! What can bring me to aſſiſt in your deception?

Jonathan. No; I mean to ſay, that if I am but ſo lucky as to pay this odious Crib, I will break off all connexion with him and his friends; and never touch a card again. If I ſhould break this promiſe, you ſhall be at liberty to tell my father every thing. (*Albert ſhakes his head.*) Yes, every thing. And then, it will not reſt with me to cheat: I cannot if I would, and Crib has taken that upon himſelf. I ſhall but play my cards: they have promiſed that I ſhall be no loſer, but divide the profit with them.

Albert. Well; I will make a party with you.

Jonathan. I deſire no better, and will inſtantly invite young Auguſtine for the afternoon. His father is at preſent in the country, and will not come back perhaps theſe three weeks.

Albert. Quite convenient! But take notice, if you ſhould cheat him——

Jonathan. Do not talk ſo. I wiſh I had not told you the affair.

Albert. And ſo do I. Should I not then be anſwerable for it?

Jonathan. Anſwerable?

Albert. To my conſcience, ſurely. Can I ſee a worthy youth on the point of being cheated?

Jonathan. But you will not cheat him.

Albert. Jonathan, if you ſaw a thief pick even a ſtranger's pocket, ought you to keep ſilence?

Jonathan. Auguſtine will but loſe two, three, or poſſibly four guineas, and be cured of playing.

Albert. Juſt as you are cured. But here comes Auguſtine, I ſee.

SCENE II.

Jonathan, Albert, Auguſtine.

Auguſtine. Good morrow to you both.

Albert. Good morrow, Auguſtine.

Jonathan. What, you have not been down

yet into the garden, when it is ſuch fine weather?

Albert. Mr. Auguſtine does not like to run about as you do, and can entertain himſelf in his apartment.

Auguſtine. Yes; but I have been already walking in the garden, and even breakfaſted with Honoria and my father in the grove.

Jonathan, (ſurpriſed.) Is he returned ſo ſoon? I fancy, you are not well pleaſed at that.

Auguſtine. Not well pleaſed! when he has been three weeks away?

Jonathan. I love my parents well enough; and yet, if they ſhould take it in their heads to travel, it would not vex me.

Auguſtine. And, for my part, I could wiſh my father never out of ſight, he is ſo extremely kind!

Jonathan. And mine ſo harſh, I muſt not think of pleaſure when he is near me.

Albert. Who can tell what pleaſures you expect?

Auguſtine. I thought you were in want of nothing on that head. Since we have lodged together, I have almoſt every day obſerved

you

you at the door; and when I have met you in the garden, never could I fee you under any thing appearing like reftraint.

Jonathan. No, no; I have always met you on days when my father dined abroad, and that is the only time that I have to ufe as I think proper; therefore I take care to turn it to account. But now your father is come home, I take it, we fhall not fee you quite fo often in an evening?

Auguftine. Why not, Jonathan? He refufes me no pleafure that I can afk. However, I muft fay, I find no company like his; and he, too, has frequently faid that he thinks my company and Honoria's quite delightful.

Jonathan. What a charming father! So then he permits you to go out both when and where you like?

Auguftine. He does, becaufe I always tell him where I am going,

Albert. And becaufe he knows that you never go but where you tell him?

Jonathan. What then do you do for entertainment, when you are both together?

Auguftine. In the fummer evenings, frequently we take a walk.

Jonathan. In winter?

Auguſtine. We ſit down before the fire, and talk of fifty curious matters; or I ſtudy geography, and take a leſſon in the mathematics. Sometimes too, with Honoria and a friend or two, we act a little drama of ſome kind or other. You cannot think how that amuſes us!

Jonathan. But ſure ſuch different ſtudies are enough to crack your brain!

Auguſtine. On the contrary, they come of courſe, as if they were an amuſement.

Jonathan. A game at cards I ſhould ſuppoſe much more amuſing. Do you ever play?

Auguſtine. Yes, indeed; and my father frequently makes one.

Jonathan. And do you play for money?

Auguſtine. Doubtleſs; but a trifle, juſt enough to intereſt one in the game; and particularly, as by that, my father ſays, one learns to loſe with temper.

Albert. That is quite right; one ought to huſband, as they ſay, one's purſe.

Auguſtine. Oh! do not imagine that I want money. I have more than I can uſe.

Jonathan. How much?

Auguſtine.

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Auguſtine. A crown a week.

Jonathan. A good allowance, truly! And all that to purchaſe trifles?

Auguſtine. Yes, ſuch trifles as my father would not like to have me trouble him about; and that, I muſt acknowledge, makes me much more careful.

Albert. I believe ſo. One can hardly chuſe but know the worth of things, when one muſt pay for them one's ſelf.

Auguſtine. True, Albert. And beſides, one naturally ſaves in that caſe, as I myſelf have found it; ſo that what with preſents and ſome other matters, I have now five guineas in my pocket, without reckoning ſilver.

Jonathan. Such a deal! And how can you employ it?

Auguſtine. Have I nothing then to buy? However, I can diſpoſe of it otherwiſe. I pay to have our footman's daughter put to ſchool; and every Monday morning ſend a trifle to a writing-maſter that I had once, and who is now grown blind: theſe, both together, make up ſomething; and I keep the reſt for ordinary uſes, and among them, for play.

Jonathan. At which you are tolerably lucky. You remember, you won half a crown of me the other night, at *One-and-thirty.*

Auguſtine. I was ſorry, as I always am, to win of friends.

Jonathan. Then you ſhall have an opportunity at night of loſing, if you think fit. Are you engaged?

Auguſtine. No; I ſhall ſtay at home. My father is to draw out a petition for a widow woman, who would get into an alms-houſe.

Jonathan. That is well: and mine goes out at five. Come then to me, and I will endeavour to amuſe you. We ſhall have Rich, Vyſe, and Crib.

Auguſtine. I will run and aſk my father's leave. Shall you be here when I return.

Jonathan. No, I muſt go and give them notice of the party; but your anſwer Mr. Albert will bring to me.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Albert, Auguſtine.

Auguſtine. Will you go in with me, Mr. Albert? I am ſure, my father will be very glad to ſee you: he has often told me what a great eſteem he has conceived this long while for you.

Albert. I am very happy in his partiality. The eſteem of ſuch a gentleman is highly honourable; but at preſent I am rather indiſpoſed, and ſhall remain, with your permiſſion, in the garden.

Auguſtine. Do; a turn or two will ſettle you, and I ſhall not be abſent long.

SCENE IV.

Albert, (muſing.)

I do not know what to do in this affair! Poor Jonathan is afflicted! I ſhould like to extricate him; but then to let the worthy Auguſtine be cheated! No, the accomplice is not better than the robber; and to favour roguery is juſt as bad as doing it. I will go therefore and tell the whole. But,

 ſoftly!

ſoftly ! here comes Honoria. Let me firſt of all do every thing in my power to aſſiſt her in preſerving Auguſtine from the danger, and yet not betray my friend.

SCENE V.

Albert, Honoria.

Honoria. What, you here, Mr. Albert, and alone? I thought I ſaw my brother talking with you.

Albert. He has juſt now left me.

Honoria. I ſhould wiſh him never to leave you, if his company were but agreeable to you: I ſhould not be uneaſy then.

Albert. You do me honour, miſs; but ſurely Mr. Auguſtine is too ſenſible to give you any pain.

Honoria. I have no pain while he keeps company with ſuch as you: but ſhall I come directly to the point? I do not think any good of thoſe companions of Jonathan's; and he wants by all means to mix with them.

Albert. I have not yet perceived that their company has hurt him.

Honoria. True; but my poor brother, I muſt

muſt ſay, is innocent, and ſomewhat credulous: he judges every one to be like himſelf. What would become of him, if thoſe whom he thinks his friends were what they ſhould not be? I have remarked, that you do not much much approve of Jonathan's intimates.

Albert. To ſay the truth, my dear young lady, I ſhould rather wiſh that Jonathan would be ſatisfied with Auguſtine's friendſhip. There is one advantage, notwithſtanding, that his father watches over him, as yours does over Auguſtine, and inſtructs him what to do.

Honoria. The miſchief often is remarked too late; it is eaſier to prevent than cure it.

Albert. I am ſure, you love your brother tenderly, and therefore hear me; but tell nobody that I mentioned what I am going now to ſay. Young Jonathan has prevailed upon him, juſt before you entered, to make one with him and his three intimates. They mean to play, no doubt; but do your utmoſt to divert your brother from partaking with them. I deſigned to wait here for his anſwer, but do not think it proper that I ſhould carry it. I make

no doubt but he will bring it presently. Pray do not judge amiss of me that I retire; and think of the advice which my duty, as a friend to Augustine, bade me give you.

SCENE VI.

Honoria, (alone.)

As a friend! This looks a little serious! Ah, my poor dear brother! should it chance that you, who are at present all the joy and consolation of my father, were to change, and be the cause of his affliction for the time to come!

SCENE VII.

Augustine, Honoria.

Augustine. My father's friends are willing, I can see, to take the earliest opportunity of paying him their compliments on his arrival, just as if he had been absent for a twelvemonth. I could hardly thrust a word in.

Honoria. You had something then of consequence to tell him.

Augustine.

Auguſtine. Of the greateſt conſequence to me. I want to paſs the evening with my friends.

Honoria. With Mr. Jonathan, no doubt?

Auguſtine. Yes.

Honoria. I thought ſo. You might eaſily have gueſſed, however, that ſuch a friend as Jonathan does not pleaſe me.

Auguſtine. Truly, Jonathan is greatly to be pitied, being ſo unfortunate as not to have a place in your good graces! And what ſhould he be, to merit ſuch an honour?

Honoria. He ſhould be—juſt ſuch a one as you are.

Auguſtine. Do you mean to joke?

Honoria. No: I am very ſerious, I aſſure you; and conſider you as a very amiable young man without a fault, unleſs indeed it be the want of due politeneſs to your ſiſter.

Auguſtine. And why ſo? becauſe that ſiſter is a little critic, and pretends to greater underſtanding than her brother.

Honoria. Truly, I had quite forgot to mention modeſty, when I was drawing up your panegyric.

Auguſtine. But what means this prating? And pray tell me, why theſe intimations with regard to Jonathan! Do you know him?

Honoria. I would know him by his actions.

Auguſtine. Are you always with him, to remark them?

Honoria. I can gueſs them from the company that he keeps.

Auguſtine. I underſtand you perfectly: his company diſpleaſes you, becauſe I am one of his acquaintance.

Honoria. Surely, brother, he muſt have acquaintances of longer ſtanding than yourſelf; and I ſpeak of them as I would of good for nothing fellows.

Auguſtine. Good for nothing fellows?

Honoria. Yes, that play, and practiſe every diſhonourable trick to win their adverſary's money, and then ſpend it more diſhonourably ſtill.

Auguſtine. Oh! what two great crimes! they play when they are together; and they ſpend their winnings as they pleaſe. We do the ſame, I fancy. And beſides, you

ſay, they play to win; but they have often loſt to me.

Honoria. Yes, yes; they have loſt their copper, and have won your ſilver.

Auguſtine. Well, and if they have, the loſs was mine, not yours. But this is juſt like what my ſiſter is. She would be ſorry if ſhe could not vex me in my pleaſures, notwithſtanding I do every thing to heighten her's.

Honoria, (taking him by the hand.) No, brother; every pleaſure that you can have, is alſo mine; but for the world, I would not have your pleaſures hurt you, and deprive me of the ſatisfaction which I receive from loving you.

Auguſtine. I know indeed that you love me; but am hurt to find you fancy me incapable to guide myſelf.

Honoria. And yet you would not be the firſt that—but here comes my father.

SCENE VIII.

Honoria, Auguſtine, Mr. Fletcher.

Mr. Fletcher. My dear children, I have juſt now been enjoying a delightful ſatiſfaction!

Honoria. That of being viſited on your return by your acquaintance, I ſuppoſe you mean? But certainly your friends muſt cheriſh you, when we who are reſtrained by your authority, rejoice as much as they can do.

Auguſtine. Yes, truly; for without you we can find no pleaſure.

Mr. Fletcher. And yet you muſt learn to do without me; ſince, according to the ordinary courſe of nature, I ſhall certainly go firſt.

Honoria. O ſir, would you afflict us at a time when we thought of nothing but rejoicing?

Auguſtine. Yes, ſir, you will live, and long we hope, for our advantage. But let us talk no more on ſuch a gloomy ſubject.—I have a little favour to requeſt.

Mr, Fletcher. Well, come, let us hear it.

Auguſtine.

Auguſtine. Maſter Jonathan—you are acquainted with his father—Well, he has invited me to ſpend the evening with him.

Mr. Fletcher. You have a new acquaintance then. I am glad that you pick up ſuch good company ſo near you.

Honoria. You hear that? good company!

Auguſtine. I think him ſo; I have already ſat down with him ſeveral times, and he has introduced me alſo to ſome friends of his.

Honoria. Good company, too, I ſuppoſe?

Auguſtine. Yes, for ſure I muſt know them better than you.

Mr. Fletcher. When I uſed the words *good company*, I meant diſcreet and well bred.

Auguſtine. Yes, ſir, extremely ſo.

Honoria. And how are you to know that they are ſuch, as you have only ſeen them once or twice?

Auguſtine. But have I not been hours together with them?

Mr. Fletcher. How did your acquaintance begin?

Honoria. At play.

Auguſtine.

Augustine. And why not fo? My father lets me play.

Mr. Fletcher. It is true, for recreation, and for fuch a fum as being gained will not induce the immoderate love of money, or if loft, not put one out of temper; and this likewife at a time when nothing can be done more profitable.

Honoria. But I thought, fir, fomething might be always done more profitable?

Augustine. Yes, (I fpeak of myfelf, for inftance,) if I could but nail my thoughts continually to fome book or other.

Mr. Fletcher. Honoria's remark is not amifs. One may employ a leifure evening better than at play, no doubt, if people would be always rational, or even innocently mirthful; but as fcandal fometimes will go round, or folly; in fuch cafe, you know, I bid you play, and often take a part myfelf.

Honoria. And thefe I doubt not, brother, are the reafons why you play?

Augustine. I do not fee any right that you have to catechize me.

Mr. Fletcher. But why take offence at what fhe fays through friendfhip?

Augustine.

Auguſtine. Rather, ſir, from a deſire to hurt me in your thoughts.

Mr. Fletcher. Can you conceive ſuch notions of your ſiſter?

Honoria, (with a tone of tenderneſs.) Brother!

Auguſtine, (with the ſame tone.) Honoria, pardon me: I am in the wrong to tax you thus: but grant, however, your inſinuations unavoidably muſt hurt me.

Mr. Fletcher. Her ſuſpicions may have ſome foundation that does not reflect upon you: we need not fear, I think, our diſpoſitions towards each other, ſo united as we are. *(Honoria and Auguſtine take their father by the hand.)*

Honoria. O ſir, how good you are!

Auguſtine. You lay by all a father's rights, and are our friend.

Mr. Fletcher. If I were any other than your friend, I ſhould not be completely qualified to bring you up. I might perhaps connive at your neglecting outward ceremonies of reſpect; but not your failure in that confidence which I expect from your affection. You ſhould not have a ſecret that you would keep hid from me, as

whenever

whenever you may chance to be in danger, my experience may preferve you from it. Let me therefore afk you, Honoria, what are the objections that you have formed againft your brother's new acquaintances?

Honoria. They are always taken up with cards.

Auguftine. Who told you fo?

Honoria. No matter from whom I have my information: the thing is, whether it be true?

Mr. Fletcher. I have already told you what I think of playing: every thing depends upon the game that you play.

Auguftine. Oh! it needs no great attention: it is the game of *One-and-thirty.*

Mr. Fletcher. I confefs, I do not approve it much.

Auguftine. Why not? There can be nothing in the world fo innocent. Whoever is one and thirty, or the neareft to it, wins.

Mr. Fletcher. And do you know that it is what we call a game of chance?

Auguftine. Becaufe one has a chance to win or lofe? And muft not this be faid of every game?

Mr. Fletcher. With this material differ-

ence, that at *one-and-thirty*, chance alone decides; whereas, in many others, ſkill is to be ſhown. In ſhort, one wants but fingers, and no head for games of chance: and in my thought, ſuch games are utterly unworthy of a thinking man.

Honoria. They cannot even amuſe one.

Auguſtine. Do not ſay ſo, dear ſiſter. There is a deal of pleaſure in expecting ſuch or ſuch a card as one may want.

Mr. Fletcher. Becauſe the love of money makes it ſo. And as this love of money operates very powerfully, it is a ſtrong temptation for ten thouſand rogues to follow gaming as a trade; and therefore unſuſpecting people generally are their dupes.

Auguſtine. Do you believe ſo, ſir? but how?

Honoria. I fancy, they muſt have ſome art or other, to arrange the pack in ſuch a way, as to obtain what cards they want.

Mr. Fletcher. Yes, that is in reality their ſecret. I cannot tell their method; but am certain, that they do employ ſome method, and have ſeen deplorable examples of it in my travels.

Auguſtine.

Auguſtine. Oh! pray tell us what examples?

Mr. Fletcher. With a deal of pleaſure. When at Spa, I was acquainted with a young gentleman, who loſt one night above twelve thouſand pounds, which was his all.

Honoria. His all! poor youth! and what did he do to live?

Auguſtine. He muſt have been beſide himſelf.

Mr. Fletcher. Deſpair obtained poſſeſſion of his features, when he ſaw his fortune thus irretrievably loſt. He looked ſo frightful, that I was forced to turn away my ſight; he gnaſhed his teeth, plucked up his hair by handfuls, and beat violently on his breaſt: he gaſped and panted like a dying man, and left the room quite mad.

Auguſtine. And pray, ſir, among thoſe who won his money, was there no one who would give it back, as I ſhould certainly have done?

Mr. Fletcher. They kept their ſeats; and ſtill continued playing on; or if they turned off their attention from the cards, it was to look upon him with contempt.

Honoria. The wicked wretches!

Mr. Fletcher. But the worſt part of the ſtory is as follows: That this poor young man deſtroyed himſelf before the morning.

Honoria. Oh! how ſhocking!

Auguſtine. Dreadful! and from henceforth, ſir, I will never touch a card, I promiſe you. I'll run and tell this to Jonathan.

Mr. Fletcher. Softly, ſoftly: you are always much too haſty in your reſolutions. One ſhould never wholly give a pleaſure up, becauſe, when carried to exceſs, it may be hurtful. I have often told you, that a game at cards, when friends are met together, is amuſing, innocent, and even uſeful.

Honoria. Uſeful, ſir?

Mr. Fletcher. Yes, uſeful; as it teaches us to bear our fortune; and not to triumph when we win, or be dejected at our little loſſes.

Auguſtine. Heaven be praiſed, I am not ſo fond of money as to hurt another by my inſults in good fortune; or to ſhew that I am hurt myſelf, by being vexed when I am unlucky; but to ſhun what poſ-

ſibly

ſibly might happen, it will be better for me not to viſit either Jonathan or his friends.

Mr. Fletcher. You would only prove your weakneſs, if this ſhould be your final reſolution: for at leaſt you have it in your power, when with them, to refrain from playing.

Auguſtine. Oh, I know them: they would abſolutely make me play.

Mr. Fletcher. Well, play as much as they would have you, ſince by that means you will gain a better knowledge of them. But inſtead of going to this Jonathan, or his friends, invite them hither. You may alſo tell them that Honoria perhaps will make one.

Honoria. But, ſir——

Mr. Fletcher. Yes, yes; I have a reaſon.

Honoria. But ſuppoſe they win my money?

Mr. Fletcher. You ſhall have it all from me again. And tell them, Auguſtine, that you expect a friend, whom you will prevail on to ſit down and play amongſt them.

Auguſtine. But you know, ſir, I expect no friend.

Mr. Fletcher. When I inform you of a friend

friend that you have at home, who will be with you, cannot you guefs what friend I mean?

Honoria. Sly! Why fure you underftand papa? he means himfelf.

Mr. Fletcher. Yes, Auguftine; for you recollect, juft now you faid that I *was* your friend.

Auguftine. Oh yes; they will play indeed, if you are of the party!

Mr. Fletcher. Therefore you fhall not inform them who the friend is that you expect. As foon as I have finifhed my petition, I will return and join you. I fhall fee what is proper to be done. 'Till then, play with them, and at any game they chufe.

Auguftine. So then you would have me run to Jonathan and his friends?

Mr. Fletcher. Yes, yes: and do not forget to defire Albert's company. I fhall be glad to fee him. All his mafters praife him wonderfully, and you yourfelf have frequently been lavifh in his commendations.

Honoria. He merits every tittle of it.

Auguſtine. One word more, ſir: ſhall we meet here in the garden?

Mr. Fletcher. As you pleaſe. The weather is ſo fine, you may ſtep here into the ſummer-houſe, it will hold all your company.

SCENE IX.

Mr. Fletcher, Honoria.

Honoria. I fear, ſir, your preſence will be much more neceſſary here than mine.

Mr. Fletcher. You fear?

Honoria. Yes, ſir; for I have told you, Maſter Albert was not long ſince with me. From ſome words which he dropped, I have reaſon to believe that my brother's company have laid a plot to cheat him of his money.

Mr. Fletcher. All the better, if he finds himſelf their victim. I will hide myſelf behind the ſummer-houſe there, juſt by that partition, and hear every word of their diſcourſe. They will enter here, and cannot poſſibly diſcover me; but in the interim take you care: and if you ſee their roguery, ſeem as if you did not.

Honoria. I ſhall find it hard, ſir, to diſſemble. It will be painful to me, ſhould I ſee my brother prove the object of their ridicule, and fall a victim to his open nature.

Mr. Fletcher. By himſelf alone can he be fully undeceived; and in that caſe I ſhall with leſs difficulty perſuade him to be attentive for the future in the choice of his connexions, and ſo cure him likewiſe of his love for gaming, which, I muſt acknowledge, he ſeems ready to adopt as a habit.

Honoria. How, ſir, can he have a thought of going thus to cards? He ought to know himſelf. He is ſo credulous, that every ſharper muſt ſuppoſe him proper for his purpoſe! and ſo warm, that at the firſt ill luck he falls into a paſſion!

Mr. Fletcher. Yes, that is his juſt character. I did not think you ſo obſervant, Honoria.

Honoria. One ſhould be in truth obſervant of another's conduct, if one means to ſerve him. And—

Mr. Fletcher. A knock; it muſt be Jonathan's friends: they do not deſire to

loſe

lose a moment. I now leave you. I will go round about and gain my station.—(*He goes out.*)

SCENE X.

Honoria, (alone.)

How I long to know the issue of all this! Alas! dear brother! who can tell but your future happiness in life depends on the decision of the present afternoon.

SCENE XI.

Honoria, Augustine, Jonathan, Albert, Rich, Vyse, Crib.

Jonathan, (to Honoria.) I was afraid, Miss Honoria, as I mentioned to your brother, that our company might incommode you: but he would not—

Augustine. Incommode her! I am in hopes that she will keep us company.

Honoria. With all my heart, if you think proper, gentlemen.

Vyse, (with constraint.) You do us honour, madam.

Crib, (*whiſpering Jonathan.*) This is quite unlucky! In politeneſs we muſt play whatever game ſhe likes. You ſhould not have conſented to come here.

Auguſtine. Perhaps I ſhall be able, gentlemen, to introduce a friend of mine to your acquaintance likewiſe.

Rich. Shall you?

Auguſtine. Yes, and not without a pocket full of gold.

Jonathan, (*aſide.*) That is well.

Honoria. We will ſtay here in the garden, if you pleaſe.

Albert. We cannot do better. We ſhall have the pleaſure of a charming walk.

Rich. Do you deſign to walk?

Albert. What elſe?

Vyſe. Why, play.

Albert. But I do not underſtand your play; and if I did, I ſhall not wiſh to loſe my money.

Crib. Wiſh to loſe it! juſt as if it were certain that you would loſe it!

Albert. Sir, with you particularly. You are too ſkilful a great deal for me.

Auguſtine. If I ſhould win, I promiſe, I will return you every farthing.

Jonathan. And I too.

Rich and Vyse. And we too.

Albert. You would make a fool of me. To lose my money, and receive it back, or on the other hand, win yours, and keep it, is not what I do: so do not concern yourselves on my account. I will see you play, or else walk up and down the garden hereabouts.

Honoria. My father, gentlemen, cannot have the honour to receive you, (*Rich and his company seem rejoiced*,) but has bid me entertain you. Augustine will get ready some refreshments, and I will run and fetch the cards.

Crib. That is needless: I have a pack about me.

Augustine. How! about you?

Crib. Yes: I study them.

Honoria. And have you fish too?

Crib. I shall beg you to get us them, unless we are to stake our money.

Jonathan, (*aside to Crib*.) You remember, I have no money?—(*aloud*.) No, no: we shall hardly know what we are about. And so, miss, if you will be so kind—

Honoria.

Honoria. Enough, I will bring the bag. Come, brother.

SCENE XII.

Jonathan, Albert, Rich, Vyſe, Crib.

Vyſe, (going into the ſummer-houſe with Jonathan, Rich, and Crib, while Albert walks about.) I am ſorry we are here.

Rich. What matters, ſince the father is not here?

Crib. You ſhould not have conſented to the place of meeting, Jonathan.

Jonathan. Here, or in my room, what difference doth that make?

Rich. Well then, when Auguſtine has loſt every thing, we will carry off his money, and go play where we think proper.

Vyſe. We ſhall empty, very likely, the young lady's pocket alſo.

Crib. Yes; that is what I look for: let us take care, however. We will put in our fiſh at two-pence each, for half a dozen deals or ſo; and when the game grows warm, and they have won a little, we will then make them double.

Jonathan. You remember your promiſe, Crib?

Crib. Do not you be uneaſy. We know one another. All our loſs ſhall be in counters, and we will have no reckoning when the game is over. I will diſpoſe the cards in ſuch a way, that we muſt loſe at firſt, and that will draw them on.

Jonathan. But, Crib, you know, you fleeced me quite the other day; and I have now but ſixpence in my pocket. How am I to pay my loſs?

Crib. Your loſs! we ſhall be ſure to win, if we attend to what we do.

Vyſe. I ſhould be glad if Auguſtine's friend would come: he will be another pigeon that we ſhall pluck.

Rich. Yes, yes! I know of none ſo eaſy to be duped as theſe ſame bookiſh fellows.

Crib. We had beſt begin, that they may find us buſy when they come. (*He takes his cards out.*) Stay; I will put them ſo that you may loſe. (*He ſhuffles them.*) Now you ſhall ſee. (*He gives three cards to Jonathan, Rich, and Vyſe; lays down as many for himſelf, and then addreſſes Jonathan.*) Do you ſtand?

Jonathan.

Jonathan. No: I beg.

Crib. There.

Jonathan, (*looking at the cards.*) Out!

Crib, (*to Vyſe.*) And you?

Vyſe. One card, but not a high one.

Crib. Much good may it do you!—there.

Vyſe. Out too!

Crib, (*to Rich.*) Now you are to be out. You beg, I ſuppoſe?

Rich. No; as Vyſe and Jonathan are both out, I ſtand.

Crib. And ſo will I. How many are you?

Vyſe. Twenty-five.

Crib. And I juſt thirty. I have won: And yet I might have loſt by doing the reverſe of what I did; as you ſhall ſee the two firſt games that we play, when Auguſtine and the lady comes, who having won, will then have no objection to play higher.

Jonathan. But how can you be ſure of winning when you pleaſe?

Crib. You have already paid for your inſtruction, and I will let you know the ſecret. I tell every thing to friends, when I have pocketed their money. With my art

 you

you will win of others what you have loſt of me, and ſo be quits.

Jonathan. Well, let me know.

Crib. You ſee, (*ſhewing the cards,*) the ten and court cards are a very little longer than the reſt, and all the ſmaller ones, as high as five, not reckoning in the aces, ſomewhat broader; by which means I can at pleaſure bring the picture cards, &c. to the top in ſhuffling, and the five, and thoſe below it, to the bottom. I contrive to give you two of thoſe on the top; and afterward, the other from the bottom: ſo that at the moſt you have but five-and-twenty, and will therefore generally beg. Well then, you have it from the top, and muſt infallibly be out.

Jonathan. I underſtand you.

Crib. This is all my leſſon, and you have it upon eaſy terms, aſk Rich and Vyſe elſe, who ſo profitably follow my inſtructions. But I ſee the lady coming in, ſo puſh about the deal.

SCENE

SCENE XIII.

Jonathan, Rich, Vyſe, Crib, Honoria.

Honoria, (putting down a box upon the table, with a pack of cards and fiſh and counters in it.) You do not loſe any time, I ſee.

Crib. I was but ſhowing Mr. Jonathan a new game.

Jonathan. Will you ſit down with us? We ſhall have that honour?

Honoria. If I knew the game that you play——

Vyſe. It is a very eaſy game. It is only *One-and-thirty.*

Rich. Had you never ſeen it played, you will know enough to beat us at it by the ſecond deal.

Honoria. I know a little of it. It would perhaps be better for me not to play with thoſe that know it ſo completely as you gentlemen; however, if it gives you pleaſure——

Jonathan. Oh yes, miſs, the greateſt in the world.

Vyſe. And even ſhould you win, too, all our money.

Honoria, (with a ſmile.) Yes, that is my intention.

Rich. You will be ſcarce the richer for it in the end; we play but for a trifle.

Jonathan, (with impatience.) Well! and what are we about? We paſs away the time in talking.

Crib. We muſt wait for Maſter Auguſtine; it is but juſt that we ſhould amuſe him; we are his gueſts.

SCENE XIV.

Jonathan, Rich, Vyſe, Crib, Honoria, Auguſtine.

Auguſtine. Here, here I am. The ſervant will be with us very ſhortly. I have ordered ſome refreſhment.

Jonathan. Come, ſir, we are waiting for you.

Auguſtine. Thank you.

Vyſe. Let us give out the fiſh.

Rich. There are ſix of us: to every one two dozen, and ten counters; that is, ten dozen more.

Jonathan. But how much every fiſh?

Crib. Juſt what the lady pleaſes.

Honoria.

Honoria. Oh, it is rather as you like.

Auguſtine. Our fiſh were two-pence each, when laſt we played together; five ſtaked every deal by each, and half a dozen the bon-ace.

Honoria. Well, be it ſo.

Crib. Then here goes to begin. (*Crib takes the cards and deals. The lady and her brother win by Crib's contrivance three times running.*)

Honoria. Hey! hey! if we go on in this way, I think, I ſhall ſoon fulfil my prophecy.

Crib. While we play ſo low as two-pence, we ſhall never ruin one another.

Vyſe. Well then, ſhall we make it fourpence?

Auguſtine. Oh, with all my heart. I have ſo much money, you cannot break me eaſily. (*He ſhakes his purſe, at which Crib and his companions look with pleaſure.*)

Honoria. And I can riſque as much, I fancy, as my brother.

Crib. We muſt firſt then pay our debts, that we may have our full account of fiſh and counters.—Let me ſee, (*after having counted.*) I have loſt one counter, and ſix

fiſh; that is, eighteen fiſh; and eighteen twice is ſix-and-thirty—juſt three ſhillings: there they are.

Rich. I have all my counters, but am maſter of no more than two poor fiſh; that is two-and-twenty loſt, or three and eight-pence. There.

Vyſe. I am come off much the worſt. Two counters gone, and twice as many fiſh; which come to four and eight-pence. —I put down a crown, and take up four-pence.

Auguſtine. Well, and you, Maſter Jonathan?

Jonathan. I have loſt leaſt. No more than fifteen fiſh, or half-a-crown. I will change a guinea, when we riſe, to pay it.

Honoria. Good! So now I will ſee my winnings. One, two, three—Three counters, and three fiſh. That is ſix and ſix-pence juſt: of which I take four ſhillings, and the two and ſix-pence, Maſter Jonathan, you ſhall owe me.

Auguſtine. So that all the reſt is to pay my four-and-forty fiſh.——It is comical enough, however, that we ſhould be the only winners!

Rich.

Rich. Oh, I always loſe, for my part.

Jonathan. So now the fiſh are fourpence?

Auguſtine. Yes, that is ſettled.

Crib, (ſhuffling the cards.) Come, I will deal.

SCENE THE LAST.

Jonathan, Rich, Vyſe, Crib, Honoria, Auguſtine, Albert, (who came in a little while before,) Mr. Fletcher.

Mr. Fletcher, (to Jonathan and his friends, who ſeem confounded.) Pray do not diſturb yourſelves.

Auguſtine. Sit down: my father does not come to interrupt us. I informed you that I might have a friend to introduce, and he will play with us. Won't you, ſir?

Honoria. O yes: pray play; we ſhall be very glad to get your money, and theſe gentlemen, I know, will like to ſhare it too.

Mr. Fletcher. With all my heart. So every one ſit down. *(To Jonathan and his friends, who ſeem quite overwhelmed.)* But what is the matter, gentlemen? Are you

 afraid

afraid to play with me? I can aſſure you, I am no ſharper. (*They ſit down at laſt.*) You (*to Crib*) were dealing when I entered; ſo continue, pray; but firſt let us ſee, have you a pack complete? (*Crib wants to drop the cards, but Mr. Fletcher ſecures, and looks them over.*) It is droll enough to have the court-cards all together thus! but, Honoria, why not give us cleaner cards? Pray hand me over thoſe—

Honoria. It was not my fault, ſir, as this gentleman (*pointing to Crib*) had brought them in his pocket; and the play was going on when I came in with ours.

Mr. Fletcher, (*to Albert.*) What, you here, Maſter Albert! I am very glad to ſee you; but pray, do not you play?

Albert. I would rather be a looker on: you know I have nothing, ſir, to throw away.

Mr. Fletcher. You are in the right to think ſo, and your prudence merits praiſe. (*To Crib.*) But come, ſir; here are better cards, (*Crib takes them with a trembling hand,*) at leaſt a little cleaner: what is your game? Pray tell me.

Auguſtine. One-and-thirty.

Mr.

Mr. Fletcher. And for what?

Honoria. No more than four-pence a fiſh. I have won all this! four ſhillings; and two and ſix-pence owing me by Mr. Jonathan, who wants change.

Mr. Fletcher, (aſide.) Wants change! I ſmell a rat! (*to Honoria.*) So much as four-pence! that is a little too much; but no matter, if we have all of us enough to pay our loſings. So let us ſee your money. Mr. Jonathan, I begin with you; (*Jonathan is confuſed.*) What ails you? Are you taken ill?

Jonathan. Ye-e-es, ſir—Let me—

Mr. Fletcher. What is all this? one ſtammers, and the other ſeems confounded! (*to Crib.*) You, ſir, too, are diſconcerted?

Auguſtine. What is the matter with them?

Mr. Fletcher. It is high time that I ſhould explain the reaſon of this ſtrange behaviour. Auguſtine, you obſerve the effects of a guilty conſcience. Happily they are not yet ſo totally abandoned as to hide their villainy beneath a brazen front, and bully in their own defence.

Auguſtine. What ſay you, ſir? Sure you are miſtaken: It is my ſiſter, as ſhe told

you,

you, and myſelf, that are the only winners.

Crib, (taking courage.) Have we failed to pay our loſings, every one, but Maſter Jonathan?

Jonathan. No: but why? becauſe you have cheated me already out of all my money.

Mr. Fletcher. I was right in thinking that they would unmaſk themſelves: And, Auguſtine, you may ſee what villains you have choſen for your companions.

Auguſtine. Oh, I cannot think ſo, ſir.

Mr. Fletcher. Well then, Mr. Jonathan, do you ſpeak; you ſeem leaſt hardened. Tell me, was there not a plot among you to defraud my children?

Jonathan. Yes indeed, ſir; but for my part, I aſſure you, I was forced into it. All my wiſh was to get back a part of what I had loſt before. If you but knew how much this wicked fellow has ſqueezed from me, for the other two are nothing to him, you would ſay that he ſhould be ſent to priſon.

Mr. Fletcher. You have well deſerved

your

your loſs, by mixing with ſuch company; but tell me how much you have loſt?

Jonathan. Two guineas, and a few odd ſhillings with them all together; and my watch, coat buttons, buckles, and a guinea more in money afterwards, in private with the talleſt: but the guinea I ſtill owe him; and he threatened, if I did not prevail on Maſter Auguſtine to ſit down and play this evening, that he would tell my father.

Albert. This, ſir, I can ſay in Jonathan's favour, that he gave me juſt the ſame account this morning, and was grieved at what he thought himſelf compelled to do. The grand criminal is Crib, the talleſt; the two others in compariſon—

Mr. Fletcher. I comprehend what you would ſay; and therefore, (*to Rich and Vyſe,*) little raſcals, get you gone this inſtant. Perhaps it is not as yet too late that I ſhould think of reſcuing you from infamy; and therefore I will inform your parents of your conduct.

Rich and Vyſe, (dropping on their knees.) Pardon us this once, ſir, we beſeech you; and we will never come within your doors again.

Mr. Fletcher. No; I ſhall take care that you never do; but then it is not enough that my children ſhould be ſafe in future from your roguery, I owe the ſame good ſervice to all fathers. What perverſity! at ſuch an age not only to be gamblers, but vile cheats! the hatefulleſt of human beings! However, out of pity to your youth, and from the hope which I have of your amendment, I will do no more than tell your parents; but if ever I am told that you ſtill continue your deteſtable employment, I will make known your infamy to every one about us. So be gone, and never let me ſee you here again. Be gone, I ſay. (*Rich and Vyſe withdraw in ſilence and confuſion.*) And you, ſir, is it true that you have got theſe things from Jonathan?

Crib, (with heſitation.) Yes, ſir.

Mr. Fletcher. You have cheated him, but that is no matter. Jonathan loſt them, and has merited his fortune. We will put a value on them.

Jonathan. I could wiſh, indeed, that I had ſufficient to redeem my loſs.

Auguſtine. O ſir, if all that I have in my pocket be ſufficient, Jonathan may command

mand it. I have full five guineas, take them for the service of my friend.

Mr. Fletcher. Auguſtine, this is very generous.

Jonathan. What, to me ſuch friendſhip?

Auguſtine. We are neighbours both, and you may pay me weekly, or in any way you pleaſe. (*Crib gives Jonathan his things.*)

Mr. Fletcher, (*to Jonathan.*) Is every thing returned you?

Jonathan. Yes, ſir; and I am ſaved by your generoſity and Auguſtine's from the reſentment of my father. Oh, I will never riſque his gifts again in ſuch a manner.

Mr. Fletcher, (*offering Crib the money.*) Here is the value of your theft, for ſuch it muſt be called; and you ſhall have it to ſubſiſt upon in priſon till you are called to anſwer for your crime, as poſſibly you may not have the means without it. Nay, expect not by ſolicitation to divert the rigour of my juſtice. Your ſeduction of two youths, your felony upon the property of this young man, and your attempt to make him inſtrumental in the robbery of another, well deſerve that rigour. This muſt be your ſentence; ſo withdraw a little for the

the prefent. (*Crib withdraws, and weeps for very rage.*)

Jonathan, (falling on his knees to Mr. Fletcher.) O dear fir! from what a gulph of ruin you preferve me! And without you what would have been my evil fortune, when thruft out from home, and perhaps ftigmatized in public for my vices? I am then indebted to your pity for my reputation, my repofe, and my exiftence. (*He rifes and embraces Auguftine.*) And my generous Auguftine, you whom I was going to——

Auguftine. Never think more of it; I do not; and for the time to come be happy.

Mr. Fletcher. Mafter Albert's teftimony of your grief at being forced into this plot, alleviates your offence; and therefore you may ftill continue to vifit my fon; but after what he has juft done in your behalf, I fhall account you the moft profligate of youths, unlefs you ftudy to deferve his friendfhip.

Jonathan. Oh, I will do fo. Rely upon me, fir.

Mr. Fletcher. And as for you, dear Albert, I have reafon to be charmed with what fo many tongues have told me of your modefty

modeſty and virtue. By your laudable example, you may very much contribute to the happineſs of Auguſtine.—I requeſt you to be often with him; and if I can ſhew my gratitude by being ſerviceable to your happineſs, I ſhall promote it with as much affection as your parents would do.

Albert. Your eſteem, dear ſir, is happineſs ſufficient for me.

Mr Fletcher. You obſerve, my dear children, the unhappy conſequences that reſult from gaming?

Auguſtine. Yes, ſir, and ſhall ſhudder all my life at the idea of them.

Mr. Fletcher. You obſerve too, Auguſtine, with what care and circumſpection one ſhould chuſe a friend?

Auguſtine. Yes, that too, ſir; and am convinced how happy it is for me to have a friend, as I have ſaid already, in my father.

THE LITTLE NEEDLE-WOMEN.

CHARACTERS.

Mrs. Vincent.
Louisa, } *her Daughters.*
Leonora,
Sophy,
Clara, *their Friend.*
A poor Woman.
Madge, } *her Daughters.*
Joan,

Louiſa, with Leonora her ſiſter, are diſcovered working in their room: Sophy ſtands by Louiſa; Clara enters to them.

Clara.

HARD at work! How melancholy you all look! I thought to find you at play upon the ſnow. Come, come, and ſee the trees: they are powdered juſt for all the world like—what d'ye call 'ems.

Louiſa. No: we would not leave our work for any pleaſure that you could name to us.

Clara. Oh, I frequently leave mine for nothing

The little Needle-women

nothing—But you have not long I hope, to ſit here moping.

Leonora. We were moping, as you call it, all yeſterday; and have been at it again ever ſince the clock ſtruck ſeven.

Clara. My ſtars! I was not up till ten: and in the name of goodneſs! what poſſeſſes you, to work at ſuch a rate?

Louiſa. If you did but know, Clara, for whom we are working, I am ſure you would willingly make one amongſt us.

Clara. Indeed, I would not, Louiſa, were it even for myſelf.

Louiſa. Yourſelf! I ſhould not work, thus late and early, with ſuch ſpirits, for myſelf: nor you, I fancy, Leonora.

Leonora. No, indeed.

Sophy. Gueſs who 'tis for.

Clara. Not for yourſelf, you ſay. It muſt be for your dolls then.—I have gueſſed it! Have I not?

Louiſa, (ſhewing the clothes before them.) Yes, yes; look here, and ſee if theſe will fit a doll.

Clara. How! how! Why, here's a dreſs complete! Which of you is going to be married?

Leonora.

Leonora. Did you ever hear the like? A jacket to be married in! The girl is crazy, ſhe will never gueſs.

Sophy. Well then, I'll tell you who 'tis for. You know thoſe two poor children, that have nothing on but rags?

Clara. What! that poor woman who has lately loſt her huſband, and cannot get a bit of bread?

Louiſa. Yes, the ſame; it is for her poor children that we are ſo hard at work.

Clara. But you know, your mama and mine both ſent her money.

Louiſa. So they did; but there were debts to pay, and bread to buy. As for clothes——

Leonora. We have taken that upon us.

Clara. But, my dear, why not much rather ſend them ſome of your own old clothes? You would, in that caſe, ſpare yourſelves a deal of trouble.

Louiſa. How you talk! As if our clothes were fit for ſuch ſmall children!

Clara. That I know: they would have been too big, and dragged upon the ground at leaſt a quarter of a yard; but then, their mother might have made them leſs herſelf.

Louiſa.

Louiſa. She cannot.

Clara. And why not?

Leonora, (*looking ſtedfaſtly upon Clara.*) Becauſe her parents never taught her how to uſe her needle.

Louiſa. Now, as we are rather ready at it, we deſired mama to let us have ſome dimity, and other ſtuff, and to cut us out the neceſſary patterns, promiſing to do the reſt ourſelves.

Leonora. And when the whole is finiſhed, we ſhall viſit the poor woman with it, that her children may be dreſſed a little warmly this cold weather.

Louiſa. Now, my dear, you know the reaſon why we won't go to play upon the ſnow.

Clara, (*with a ſtifled ſigh.*) I'll work a little with you.

Louiſa. Ay, I ſaid ſo.

Leonora. No, no; we have almoſt done.

Louiſa. But, Leonora, why deprive her of ſo great a pleaſure? Look you here, my friend; complete this hem: but you muſt ſew it carefully.

Sophy. If not, my ſiſter will undo it; I am ſure of that.

Clara.

Clara. What you muſt ſpeak too then, Mrs. Whipperſnapper; juſt as if you knew what is going forward.

Louiſa. How, Clara? I aſſure you, Sophy has aſſiſted us ſurpriſingly. It was ſhe that held the ſtuff while we were cutting it, handed us the pincuſhion, and picked us up our thimbles when they fell. Here, my little dear, take the ſciſſars: Leonora wants them.

Clara. Look, dear Louiſa, have I done this right?

Leonora, (laying hold of the work.) Oh fie! theſe ſtitches are a mile too long, and all awry.

Louiſa. True, they would not hold. But ſtay; I'll give you ſomething elſe.—Here, paſs this bobbin through the jacket collar.

Clara. Ay, ay; I ſhall ſucceed better in this.

Leonora, (looking over her.) See! ſee! how ſhe ſets about!——

Louiſa. Ay, that's all my fault, who did not tell her how it ſhould be done.—See here, my dear Clara,—in this manner.

Clara. I was never taught to do ſo much

as

as you; and that is the reaſon that I am ſo awkward.

Leonora, (with a ſneer.) Oh, I eaſily believe you.

Louiſa. Do not vex her, ſiſter: ſhe has done her beſt. Hold, let me look a little. How! you have paſſed the bobbin through already. Look ye, Leonora.

Leonora, (pulling the bobbin.) What a pity, it will not ſtir. A mighty clever needle-woman, truly! ſhe does nothing but make work for us.

Clara, (ſorrowfully.) Alas! I know no better.

Louiſa. Do not afflict yourſelf, my dear: you have the beſt of wills; and we have nothing more to boaſt. It ſhall be quickly put to rights. I will do it for you. There; the matter is ſettled. Have *you* finiſhed, Leonora?

Leonora. Only one more ſtitch:—and then, to cut the thread off.—There: now I will make up the parcel. *(She is preparing to do ſo, when Mrs. Vincent enters.)*

Sophy. Here is mama.

Mrs. Vincent. Well, my dears; how do

you go on? Perhaps you wiſh for my aſſiſtance.

Louiſa. No, mama; we have finiſhed.

Mrs. Vincent. Have you? Let me ſee a little.——Very well, indeed!——What, my Sophy! I am afraid, you thought the time tedious.

Sophy. Oh, not I, mama: I always had ſome little thing to do; aſk my ſiſters.

Louiſa. Yes, indeed: we ſhould not have ended ſo quickly, but for her aſſiſtance. She has never quitted us.

Mrs. Vincent. That was well done. Oh! here is our little neighbour too, Miſs Clara. She muſt have helped you a good deal.

Leonora, (with a ſneer.) She tried; but—

Louiſa. Indeed, we had almoſt finiſhed when ſhe came.

Sophy. She made a ſtitch or two, but ſhe hardly knows more than I: if you had but ſeen, mama, how crooked——

Louiſa. Hold your tongue, Sophy!

Mrs. Vincent. Come; ſince you have been ſo very diligent, I have joyful news to tell you.

Sophy.

Sophy. What, mama?

Mrs. Vincent. The two poor children and their mother are below. I will ſend you up the little ones, that you may dreſs them, and enjoy the aſtoniſhment of their mother, when ſhe obſerves them ſo much altered.

Louiſa. Dear mama, how you increaſe our pleaſures!

Sophy. Shall I go and fetch them up?

Mrs. Vincent. Yes; follow me; and you ſhall come back with them. In the mean time, I will have a little converſation with the mother, and contrive how ſhe may find out ſome employment for the time to come, and earn a little money. (*She goes out with Sophy.*)

Louiſa. Stay you here with us, Clara: we ſhall want your help; and you muſt have ſome buſineſs at our toilet.

Clara, (*embracing Louiſa.*) Oh! my friend, you have a good heart! I ſee that plainly.

Leonora. I have had a fling or two at you, Clara. Louiſa makes me bluſh, and therefore I entreat your pardon.

Clara, (*embracing Leonora likewiſe.*) Yes, with all my heart.

Louiſa. I hear the children coming up. (*Sophy enters, bringing in the little girls, Madge and Joan.*)

Sophy, (*whiſpering Louiſa.*) How ſurpriſed they will be. I have not told them any thing about it.

Louiſa. You did well: their pleaſure will be the greater, and ours likewiſe.

Leonora. I ſhall take Madge.

Louiſa. I Joan.

Clara. And Sophy and myſelf will hold the pincuſhions. (*They begin to undreſs them.*)

Madge, (*crying.*) We are cold enough already. Will you take away the little clothes that we have left?

Louiſa. Do not be afraid, poor thing! come hither. You ſhall ſee. A little this way towards the fire.—You are almoſt dead with cold.

Joan. We have not warmed ourſelves today.

Madge. Theſe fine new clothes, are they for us?

Joan. Oh bleſs me! what will mother ſay? She will take us for your ſiſters; we ſhall be ſo fine!

Louiſa.

Louiſa. And you ſhall be our ſiſters for the time to come: ſo never call us any otherwiſe.

Madge. Oh, good young lady, we are your ſervants.

Louiſa. Let me have your arm—The other.—But how ſhort it is! it only reaches to her knees. Well, hair-brains! *(to Leonora.)* this is like you! Do not you ſee that you have handed me the little jacket?

Leonora. So I have indeed: for my part, I was puzzled likewiſe. Madge's feet were covered, and I could not ſee her head. We need but change. There is Joan's.

Louiſa. Let us be as quick as poſſible; and in the mean time, Sophy, do you run and bid mama come up.

Sophy. I am gone. *(She goes out.)*

Louiſa. Ay, now all is right. Turn round.—Once more. Very well: and now, take one another by the hand, and walk acroſs the room before us. *(The children do ſo, and ſurvey themſelves with pleaſure.)*

Clara. How extremely well they fit! they are quite pretty! and there is only one thing wanted. *(To Madge.)* Here is my handkerchief.—Blow hard. *(To Joan.)* Now

you.—What elſe ?—If you had time to dreſs their hair.

Louiſa. No, no, my dear Clara ; it is much better hanging looſely. Leonora, what ſay you ?

Leonora. A comb, however, to untangle it, would not be much amiſs. I will do that, Louiſa.

Sophy, (runs in jumping.) Here is mama. (*Mrs. Vincent enters with the mother of the children.*)

The Mother. Oh, heavens ! what do I ſee ? Are theſe my children ? O my generous lady ! *(falling down at Mrs. Vincent's feet.)*

Mrs. Vincent, (lifting her up.) My good friend, it is not to me that you are indebted for this happineſs. My children wiſhed to make a trial of their ſkill in needle-work, and I permitted them to do ſo. (*Examining the children's jackets.*) Not ſo bad, for a firſt attempt ; you might almoſt ſet up for yourſelves.

The Mother, (to Louiſa and her ſiſter.) My charming ladies, let me thank you. God will recompenſe your kindneſs, for I cannot. (*Perceiving Clara at a diſtance.*)

Pardon

Pardon me, my little lady; I did not fee you; otherwife I fhould have paid you alfo my acknowledgments.

Clara, (fighing.) No, no. I had no hand in this day's bufinefs.

Mrs. Vincent. Do not afflict yourfelf upon that account, my dear. By fighing, you will get nothing; but by ftedfaftly refolving, every thing. However, tell me; do not you think it ufeful and delightful for a young lady, like you, to accuftom herfelf betimes to work of fome fort or other?

Clara. Think fo? Certainly.

Mrs. Vincent. Of what real pleafure, even at prefent, are you deprived, by having hitherto neglected an employment fo adapted to your fex and age!

The Mother. Dear little lady, learn betimes, if you would be confidered provident or prudent, to love work; or it will foon be too late. I fhould be very happy now, had any one but given me fuch a leffon in my childhood. I could now have got my bread, and been of ufe to thofe dependent on me for fupport, inftead of being burthenfome to worthy people.

Mrs. Vincent. Indeed, my good friend, it would have been much happier for you, I muft own, although I fhould have loft the pleafure of affifting you. But you are yet full young enough to make up for loft time, by application to fome honeft labour. Children, you muft know, I have procured her fome employment at a weaver's in the neighbourhood; and when fhe happens to have nothing to do there, fhe is to come and work here in the garden.

Sophy. I am very glad of that; for I will, go too, and help her, if I am able.

Mrs. Vincent. As to Madge and Joan, I mean that my houfe fhall be their fchool; and you have both, (*to Louifa and Leonora,*) deferved to be their miftreffes in work and reading.

Clara. And may I be their affiftant, madam?

Mrs. Vincent. With all my heart, if your mama confents; in which cafe, you and Sophy fhall endeavour to outdo each other. (*To the poor woman.*) My good friend, are you contented that matters fhould be as I have fettled?

The

The Mother. Contented? My benevolent and generous lady, I ſhall owe you all my happineſs, and that, too, of my deſtitute and friendleſs children. Dear good angels, give God thanks, for having bleſſed you with ſo careful a mama, who trains you up thus betimes to diligence. You ſee, it is the ſource of comfort to yourſelves and to us too.

THE SELF-CORRECTED LIAR.

LITTLE Griffith was now ſix years old, and had never yet told a falſity. He never had committed any fault, and therefore had no need to hide the truth. When any accident befel him, as to break a pane of glaſs, or ſpot his cloaths, he went immediately and told his father, who would be always ſo good as to forgive him, with a caution that in future he ſhould be more careful.

Griffith had a couſin, but a very naughty boy, whoſe name was Robert. Robert

came one day to fee him; and Griffith, by way of fhewing his attention to his vifitor, made propofals for a game at drafts. His coufin eagerly accepted the propofal, on condition that they fhould play for fomething. Griffith for a little time refufed, but in the end was wrought upon by Robert, and in hardly more than thirty minutes, all the money which he had been laying up many weeks from his allowance was completely gone. Affected with his lofs, poor Griffith got into a corner, and began to cry, while Robert fell a laughing, and went home in triumph with his fpoil.

It was not long before poor Griffith's father, who had been from home, returned. He loved the child, and therefore fent to fee him in the parlour. But what ails you? faid he. And what has happened? Sure you have been crying?

Griffith. Yes, papa, becaufe my coufin has been here, and made me play with him at drafts.

The Father. And what of that? I fee no harm done yet; for drafts are a diverfion that I have given you leave to take. But poffibly you played for money?

Griffith.

Griffith. O! no, no, papa.

The Father. Then why do you cry?

Griffith. Becaufe I wifhed to fhew my coufin how much money I had faved to buy myfelf a book. Now I had hid it all behind the great ftone poft without, and when I put my hand into the hole, it was gone. Some perfon, paffing by the gate, has ftolen it.

Griffith's father, fome how or another, fancied this recital to be falfe: but did not mention his fufpicions then. He went that moment to his brother's, and as foon as he faw little Robert, he forced a fmile, and began in this manner:

Well, my child, you have been lucky, have not you, to-day?

Oh! yes, faid Robert, very lucky, fir!

And what did you win?

A fhilling, faid the nephew.

What, fo much? And did he pay you, Robert?

Doubtlefs, uncle. I have it in my pocket.

Notwithftanding Griffith had deferved a grievous punifhment, his father thought it not amifs to pardon this, as being his firft

falſehood; and therefore only told him, with a ſcornful tone of voice, that ſince he knew that he had a liar in his houſe, he would tell all the ſervants never to believe him, whatſoever he ſhould ſay.

Some few days after, Griffith went in turn to viſit Robert, and pulled out a handſome pencil-caſe which his ſiſter had beſtowed on him at Chriſtmas. Robert wiſhed to have it, and in exchange would have been glad to give him every one of his playthings, his ball, his top, and rackets; but as Griffith, he obſerved, would not part with it, he began to play the bully, put his arms akimbo, and advancing towards him, ſaid, "The pencil-caſe is mine: I loſt it at your houſe, or elſe you ſtole it." Griffith, to no purpoſe, earneſtly proteſted that it was his ſiſter's preſent. Robert quickly let him ſee that he meant to force it from him; and as Griffith graſped it with both hands, he cloſed upon him, threw him down, got over him, and with his double fiſt ſo pomelled Griffith in the face that he was forced to yield the caſe.

Poor Griffith, being treated in this manner, poſted home, his noſe all over blood,

and half his hair pulled off.—" Papa, papa, (ſaid he, as ſoon as he was come within his father's hearing,) look how I have been uſed! The naughty Robert has this moment robbed me of my pencil-caſe, and handled me as you ſee."

But far from pitying him, his father anſwered, " Go, you liar; you have loſt your pencil-caſe at drafts, and to deceive me, ſmeared your noſe with mulberry-juice, and put your hair into diſorder." Griffith ſolemnly proteſted, to no purpoſe, that he ſpoke only the truth. " I cannot credit (ſaid the father) one who has already proved himſelf a liar."

Griffith, quite confounded, went away into his chamber, and bewailed moſt bitterly the conſequences of his firſt untruth. Next day he begged permiſſion to appear before his father, and implored forgiveneſs. " I acknowledge (ſaid he) how wicked I have been in ſeeking to deceive you with a falſehood once: but, dear papa, let me entreat you to give up your reſolutions of believing me no longer when I even ſpeak the truth!

His

His father told me the other day that from that moment Griffith had not let the leaſt untruth eſcape him, and that therefore he had recompenced his ſon's veracity by truſting him implicitly. He never looked for proteſtations from him: it was ſufficient Griffith barely told him any thing, that he ſhould take it for as great a certainty as if himſelf had ſeen it.

What a ſatisfaction this, to be experienced by a tender father, and a ſon ſo worthy of him!

RECEIPT TO BE ALWAYS PLEASED.

I Should be very glad to play, mama, all day, ſaid Laura.

Mrs. Delwin. What, *all* day?

Laura. Oh! yes, mama.

Mrs. Delwin. I ſhall be very glad to give you any pleaſure in my power, my little Laura; but I fear, you will very ſoon be tired.

Laura.

Laura. Of playing! Never. You ſhall ſee that, mama.

And ſaying ſo, the little Laura ran to fetch her playthings. She had got them all together, but was quite alone: for both her ſiſters were that day to be employed with different maſters, till the afternoon.

At firſt, ſhe played as ſhe thought proper, and was very happy for an hour or thereabouts; but, by degrees, the pleaſure which ſhe enjoyed began to loſe a little of its power to pleaſe her.

She had now handled her playthings twenty times, or oftener, and could tell no longer what to do. Her favourite doll was grown quite troubleſome and tedious to her.

She deſired her dear mama to ſhew her ſome new method of diverſion, and to play with her; but unfortunately her mama had very preſſing buſineſs, and could not attend to her, however ſhe might wiſh to do ſo.

Laura, after this, ſat moping in a corner, till her ſiſters had quite finiſhed with their maſters, and were now about to take a little recreation. She ran to them in a melancholy

melancholy mood, which was as much as mentioning how long their time of ſtudy had ſeemed to her, and with what impatience ſhe had wiſhed to ſee them.

They propoſed immediately ſuch games as they ſuppoſed moſt entertaining, for they loved her greatly: but, alas! all their ſolicitude was uſeleſs. Laura could not but complain that every game which they mentioned had already tired her; nay, in her impatience, ſhe even ventured to accuſe them of conſpiring with each other to afford her ſuch diverſion only as they knew would not amuſe her. Upon which Miſs Amelia, her eldeſt ſiſter, an extremely ſenſible young lady of ten years old, took Laura by the hand, and with a ſmile began as follows:

Look at us, dear Laura, and I will tell you which perſon in the room occaſions your diſſatisfaction.

Laura. And who is it, ſiſter? For my part, I don't know.

Amelia. The reaſon is, you do not look at yourſelf. Yes, Laura, you yourſelf occaſion your diſſatisfaction; for you ſee theſe games amuſe *us* ſtill, though we have played them over, you may eaſily imagine, before

you

you were born: but then we have been both at work, and therefore are they in a manner new to us. If you, by previous ſtudy and attention, had obtained an appetite for pleaſure, you would certainly have been pleaſed as eaſily as we are.

Little Laura, who, however young ſhe was, by no means wanted underſtanding, was ſo ſtruck with theſe remarks, as to diſcern that every one who would be happy ſhould take care to mix improving exerciſe with pleaſing recreation. And indeed, I know not whether, after ſuch experience gained, the menace of a whole day's pleaſure would not have more terrified her than that of a whole day's labour.

THE TULIPS.

LUCETTA had ſeen for two ſummers ſucceſſively a bed of tulips in her father's garden, which were ſtreaked with the moſt beautiful colours.

Like the fluttering butterfly, ſhe often roved

roved from flower to flower, being ſtruck merely with their beauty, but never reflecting to what they owed their origin.

Laſt Autumn, ſhe ſaw her father amuſe himſelf with digging up the bed and planting tulip roots. Ah! papa, cried ſhe in a whimpering tone, what are you doing? Will you ſpoil all our fine tulip-bed ſo, and inſtead of thoſe fine flowers that grew there, put naſty onions in it for the kitchen?

Her father anſwered her, that he knew what he was about, and he was going to tell her that from thoſe onions would come forth new tulips the following year; but Lucetta interrupted him by her complaints, and would liſten to nothing.

When her father ſaw that he could not make her underſtand reaſon, he left her to pacify herſelf, and continued his work while ſhe retired ſobbing.

During the Winter, as often as the converſation turned upon flowers, Lucetta ſighed, and thought within herſelf how great a pity it was that her father had deſtroyed the fineſt ornament of the garden. Winter finiſhed its courſe, and Spring came

next

next to ſweep the ſnow and ice off the ground.

Lucetta had not entered the garden yet. Indeed it would have been difficult to prevail on her to go in, as it was deprived of her favourite flower. One day, however, ſhe entered without thinking. But what were her tranſports of ſurpriſe and joy, when ſhe ſaw the tulip-bed ſtill more beautiful than the preceding year! She ſtood ſtill at firſt, motionleſs and ſilent with admiration: at length ſhe threw herſelf into her father's arms, crying, Ah! dear papa, I thank you for plucking up thoſe naſty onions, and for putting in their place thoſe ſweet flowers that I am ſo fond of.

You owe me no thanks, anſwered her father; for theſe ſweet flowers that you are ſo fond of ſprung from nothing elſe but my naſty onions.

The obſtinate Lucetta would not believe a word of it; upon which her father pulled up carefully one of the fineſt tulips, together with the bulbous root (reſembling an onion) from which the ſtalk grew, and preſented it to her.

Lucetta quite confounded, aſked pardon for

for having been ſo unreaſonable. I pardon you, my dear child, with all my heart, replied her father, provided you acknowledge how eaſy it is for children to deceive themſelves, when they attempt to judge, from their ignorance, of the actions of people who have had experience.

Oh! yes, papa, anſwered Lucetta, I am convinced of that, and therefore for the future ſhall diſtruſt my own eyes; and whenever I ſhall be tempted to ſuppoſe that I know more of the matter than other people, I will think of the Tulips and the Onions.

I am very glad, my dear little friends, that I had it in my power to tell you this ſtory; for you will preſently ſee what happened to another child who had never heard it.

THE STRAWBERRIES AND CURRANTS.

ALLAN had frequently heard his father ſay, that children were without the leaſt degree of knowledge of what was

proper

proper for them; and that all the wiſdom which they could poſſibly prove themſelves to poſſeſs, lay in following the advice of people older than themſelves. And yet he never had ſincerely wiſhed to underſtand this doctrine, or perhaps, to ſpeak as favourably as the matter will allow, had forgot it.

His indulgent father had allotted him, and Proſpero, his brother, a convenient piece of ground, that each might have a little garden, and diſplay his induſtry and knowledge in the cultivation of it. And not only this, but they had leave to ſow whatever ſeed they thought proper, or to take any tree, or root, already growing in their father's garden, and tranſplant it.

Proſperor emembering the inſtruction of his father, went to have a little converſa-tion on this ſubject with Ralph the gar-dener, and began thus: Pray tell me what I ought to ſow at preſent in my garden, and how to ſet about my work.

The gardener gave him ſeveral roots and ſeeds adapted to the ſeaſon. Proſpero that moment ran and put them in the ground,

and Ralph was ſo kind as to aſſiſt him in the work, and to give him ſome inſtruction.

But Allan, ſeeing Proſpero's docility, ſhrugged up his ſhoulders. Ralph, not obſerving this contemptuous action, aſked if he ſhould give him ſome aſſiſtance and inſtruction likewiſe?

Yes, replied Allan; I have great occaſion, to be ſure, for your aſſiſtance and inſtruction, particularly the laſt!

On this, he went into his father's garden; and ſelecting for his own, a quantity of flowers, tranſplanted them immediately. The gardener let him do as he thought fit.

Next morning, when Allan viſited his garden, all the flowers which he had ſo lately planted hung their heads like mourners at a funeral, and, as he ſaw, were dying. He tranſplanted others from his father's garden, which the morning after he obſerved, with much vexation, were exactly in the ſame condition.

He was very ſoon diſguſted with this ſort of work. It was paying very dear, we muſt acknowledge, for the pleaſure of poſſeſſing a few flowers. Of courſe he gave it

it up, and it was not long before his piece of ground was overrun with weeds and thiſtles.

Towards the middle of the Spring, as he was looking at his brother's garden, he ſaw ſomething red ſuſpended very near the ground, which, on examination, he diſcerned to be ſtrawberries, and found to have an exquiſite degree of flavour.

Ah, ſaid he, if I had planted ſtrawberries in my garden!

Some time after, likewiſe, he ſaw certain little berries of a milk white colour, that hung down in cluſters from the branches of a buſh; upon examination, they were currants, which to look at only was a banquet.

Ah, ſaid he again, if I had planted currants in my garden!

Eat as many as you like, ſaid Proſpero, as if they were your own.

It depended on yourſelf, and no one elſe, remarked the gardener, to have had as good; ſo never for the future treat with ſcorn the aſſiſtance and inſtruction which any one may offer you, who is poſſeſſed of greater knowledge and experience than yourſelf.

OBLI-

OBLIGINGNESS AND COMPLAISANCE.

EMILIA, Victoria, Juliet, and Sophia, had a governeſs who loved them with the fondneſs of a mother. This governeſs was called Mademoiſelle Beaufoy.

Her greateſt wiſh was, that her pupils ſhould be virtuous in order to be happy; that a friendſhip for each other ſhould increaſe the pleaſures of their childhood; and that they ſhould taſte thoſe pleaſures without diminution or anxiety.

A kind indulgence, and exact degree of juſtice towards them, were the conſtant motives of her conduct, whether ſhe had any thing to pardon, to reward, or puniſh in them.

She enjoyed, with infinite delight, the pleaſing fruits of her inſtruction and example.

The four little girls began to be the happieſt children upon earth. They told each other of their faults, forgave each other, ſhared together of each other's joys, and could not live without each other.

Alas!

Alas! by what fatality do children poiſon the ſource of their own enjoyments, at the very moment when they begin to taſte its charms; and how great is their happineſs when they are placed under the eye of a perſon endowed with equal prudence and tenderneſs.

' It happened, that Mademoiſelle Beaufoy was forced to leave her pupils for a time, as certain family concerns obliged her to viſit France. She left them with reluctance, made a ſacrifice of ſome advantages to the deſire of quickly ſettling her affairs, and hardly had a month expired when ſhe returned in ſafety to her little flock.

They all received her with the greateſt ſigns of joy: but, alas! what an unhappy alteration did ſhe very ſoon perceive in theſe poor little children!

If, as frequently it happened, any one among them aſked the ſlighteſt favour of another, the latter ill-naturedly refuſed it, and hence followed diſcontent and quarrels:—the uncommon gaiety that hitherto had been remarkable in all their little ſports, and made their work itſelf delightful, was now changed to peeviſhneſs and

melancholy; and inſtead of thoſe expreſ-ſions dictated by peace and friendſhip, which were before heard in all their con-verſations, nothing now prevailed among them but inceſſant bickerings. Did either wiſh to take an hour's diverſion in the gar-den? her ſiſters were ſure to aſſign ſome reaſon for remaining in their chamber. And, in ſhort, it was enough that any thing ſhould meet the wiſh of one among them to diſpleaſe the others.—

It particularly chanced one day, that not contented to deny each other every ſort of friendſhip and obligingneſs, they mutually diſtreſſed each other with reproaches. Ma-demoiſelle Beaufoy, who ſat as a witneſs of this ſcene, was ſo affected by it as even to ſhed tears.

She could not ſpeak a word; and pen-ſively withdrew into her chamber, that ſhe might the better think upon the means of rendering back to theſe unhappy little ones the pleaſures of their former friend-ſhip and reciprocal attachment, which they had loſt.

She was ſtill employed in this afflicting taſk, when all the four young ladies entered

her

her apartment, with a peevifh and uneafy look, complaining that they could be no longer happy in each other's company. There was not one of them but charged the reft with caufing it; and all together earneftly defired their governefs to reftore them, if poffible, to their loft happinefs.

The governefs received them in a very ferious manner, faying, I obferve, my children, you obftruct each other in your pleafures; therefore, that this circumftance may never come to pafs again, let each take up her corner in this very room, if fhe thinks proper, and divert herfelf in any way that fhe likes, but fo as not to interfere with either of her fifters. You may have recourfe to this new mode of recreation inftantly, as you have leave to play till night; but each (remember) in her corner, as I faid juft now.

The little girls were charmed with this propofal, took their places, and began to pla y.

Sophia entered into converfation with her doll, or rather told her many little ftories; but her doll could not reply, and had no ftories in her turn to tell. It was in vain

to look for any entertainment from her ſiſters; they were playing, each aſunder, in their corners.

Juliet took her battledore and ſhuttlecock, yet none applauded her dexterity; beſides, ſhe would gladly have ſtruck it acroſs the room, but in that caſe there was nobody to ſend it back. It was in vain to hope ſuch ſervice from her ſiſters; they were playing, each aſunder, in their corners.

Emilia could have wiſhed to paſs the time that now hung heavy on her at a game of which ſhe was very fond, *hunt the ſlipper*: but, alas! who was there to paſs the ſlipper from hand to hand? It was in vain to aſk her ſiſters; they were playing, each aſunder, in their corners.

And Victoria, who was very ſkilful as a little houſewife, thought how ſhe might give her friends an entertainment, and of courſe ſend out for many things to market. But who was to receive her orders? It was in vain to pitch upon her ſiſters; they were playing, each aſunder, in their corners.

It was juſt the ſame with every other play. All of them ſuppoſed that it would be

be compromiſing matters to approach each other, and therefore they diſdainfully continued in their ſolitude. At length the day concluded. They returned again to Mademoiſelle Beaufoy, and begged her to ſhew them a better ſort of amuſement than that which ſhe had already recommended.

I can only think of one, my children, anſwered ſhe, which you yourſelves knew very well formerly, but which it ſeems you have now forgotten. Yet, if you wiſh to put it once more into practice, I can eaſily remind you of it.

Oh! we wiſh to recollect it with all our hearts, replied they; and ſtood all attention to ſeize with ardour the firſt word that their governeſs ſhould utter.

It is, anſwered ſhe, that reciprocal obligingneſs, that mutual friendſhip, which ſiſters owe to each other. O, my deareſt little friends! how miſerable have you contrived to make yourſelves and me too, ſince you loſt it!

She ſtopped ſhort when ſhe had uttered theſe few words, which yet were interrupted frequently by ſighs, while tears of tenderneſs ran down her cheeks.

The little girls appeared aſtoniſhed and ſtruck dumb with ſorrow and confuſion in her preſence. She held out her arms; they ruſhed at once affectionately towards her, and ſincerely promiſed that they would love each other for the future, and agree as they had done before ſhe left them.

From that moment they betrayed no ſigns of peeviſhneſs to trouble their harmonious intercourſe. Inſtead of bickerings and diſcontent amongſt them, nothing now was known but mutual condeſcenſions which delighted all who had the opportunity of being with them.

They preſerve this amiable character at preſent in the world among their friends, of whom they are acknowledged to be the delight and ornament.

THE LINNET's NEST.

MAMA, mama, cried out little Sam, one evening, running out of breath into the parlour; fee, fee, what I have here in my hat.

Mrs. Baxter. Ha, ha! a linnet! Where did you get it?

Sam. I happened to find a neft in the morning, as I paffed along the white-thorn hedge, below the fifh-pond. And waiting till the evening, I crept along the hedge as foftly as I could, and flap! before the bird could be aware of me, caught her by the wings.

Mrs. Baxter. Was fhe by herfelf, then, in the neft?

Sam. No, no; the little ones were in it too. But they are fo little yet that they have not got their feathers. Oh! they can't efcape me!

Mrs. Baxter. And what do you intend to do with this linnet?

Sam. Put it in a cage, mama.

Mrs. Baxter. And with the young ones?

Sam. Oh! I'll take the young ones too, and rear them. I will run now and fetch them.

Mrs. Baxter. I am ſorry, Sam; but you will not have time to get them.

Sam. Oh! it is not far off. Don't you know the Windſor pear-tree? Well, it is cloſe by that. I have taken care to mark the place.

Mrs. Baxter. But that is not the matter. What I mean is, that our neighbour, Juſtice Sharp, has ſent to take you up. The conſtables are very likely come, and at the door.

Sam. The conſtables! to take me up?

Mrs. Baxter. Yes, yes; to take you up! The juſtice has your father in cuſtody already; and the conſtables who took him, told us that they would ſoon come back for you, with Kitty, Bell, and Sally, and then carry you all four to priſon.

Sam. Oh! dear me! And what does he deſign to do with us?

Mrs. Baxter. You will be ſhut up in a little room, and not have permiſſion to come out a moment.

Sam. Oh! the wicked juſtice!

Mrs.

Mrs Baxter. However, he will not do you any harm. They will give you, every day, good things to eat and drink. You will have nothing to complain of but your loſs of freedom, and the pleaſure of ſeeing me. (*Sam begins to cry.*) Well, what is the matter with you? Is confinement ſuch a great misfortune, if they give you every thing that you want? (*Sam cannot ſpeak for ſobbing.*) The juſtice treats your father, ſiſters, and yourſelf, as you would treat the linnet and its young. You cannot call him wicked, therefore, as you do, without confeſſing that you are ſo yourſelf.

Sam, (ſobbing.) Oho! I will let the linnet fly, mama, this inſtant. (*He opens his hat, and the bird flies out at the window.*)

Mrs. Baxter, (taking him into her arms.) Be of comfort, my dear Sam! for I only meant to give you ſome inſtruction by this little ſtory of the juſtice: neither will your father, or your ſiſters, or yourſelf, be ſent to priſon. All I wiſhed was to convince you how wicked it would be to ſhut up the poor little bird. As much as you appeared afflicted, when I told you that they would take

take you up, ſo much the little bird *was* certainly when you deprived her of her liberty. Conceive how much the cock would have lamented to be parted from the hen, the young ones from their mother, and the mother from her young ones. This I am ſure you did not think of, otherwiſe you never would have taken it. Tell me, would you?

Sam. Never, dear mama; I did not once think of all this.

Mrs. Baxter. Well, think of it for the future, and forget not that birds, as well as every other creature, were created to enjoy their liberty, and that it would be cruel to fill up with ſorrow that ſhort period of exiſtence which God had granted them; and, to remember this the better, you ſhould get by heart a little piece of poetry that your friend has written.

Sam. What! the Children's Friend? Oh! pray repeat it to me.

THE

THE LINNETS.

I HOLD it faſt, this linnet's neſt,
With one, two, three, four young ones in it:
Long did I watch you, without reſt,
But pris'ners made you in a minute.

Cry, little rebels, as you pleaſe,
And flap your wings; but vain you'll find it!
You cannot get away with eaſe;
So ſtay with me, and never mind it.

But, don't I hear their mother's cries
Deplore their durance that has bound them?
Yes; and their father likewiſe flies,
Sadly complaining, round and round them.

And ſhall I cauſe them ſo much pain
Who us'd to go laſt ſpring, and hear them
From yon broad oak pour down their ſtrain,
While the whole grove was muſic near them?

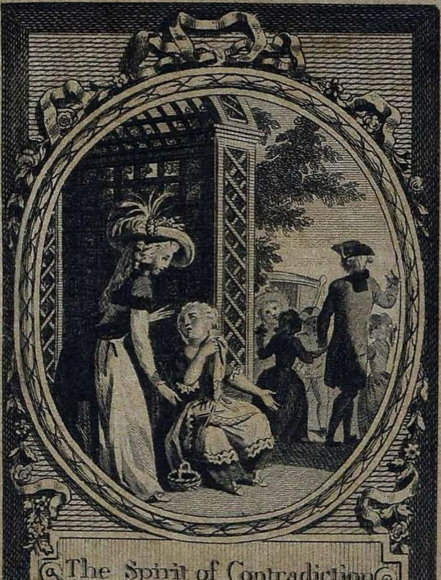
Alas! if from my mother I
Should thus with violence be parted,
I know, with ſorrow ſhe would die,
Or, if ſhe liv'd, live broken-hearted.

Should I then, cruel ſpoiler! tear,
Thoſe innocents from her who bore them?
No: I'll not doom you to deſpair!
Take back your young, I here reſtore them.

Teach them, in ſome o'er-arching glade,
Round you, from morn till night to hover,
Learning to harmonize the ſhade,
Throat anſwering throat, and lover lover.

So will I come and ſit, next year,
With the firſt dawn, till day's deſcending,
Under the oak, and feaſt my ear
While their ſoft notes are ſweetly blending.

THE



The Spirit of Contradiction

THE SPIRIT OF CONTRADICTION.

Mrs. Cranfield, Helen, her daughter.

Helen. NO, mama: I had much rather finiſh this purſe.

Mrs. Cranfield. But then, Helen, Caroline would certainly be a great deal better pleaſed with the work-bag. Do not you recollect, ſhe ſeemed delighted when you ſhowed her yours? and the bag you have above ſtairs is made exactly like it.

Helen. Notwithſtanding that, mama, I know ſhe would like the purſe a great deal better.

Mrs. Cranfield. Be it ſo; but will the purſe be finiſhed? There are ſtill at leaſt a dozen rows to do; whereas, the work-bag only wants a ribband to complete it. Sure you would not pay a viſit to your couſin, on her birth-day, and go there without ſome preſent for her?

Helen. O, mama, you know, I ſhould not like to do ſo; but believe me, you ſhall ſee the purſe very ſoon finiſhed.

Mrs. Cranfield. Think before you come

to

to any resolution. Your father, I suppose you know, sets out at four o'clock exactly, and if any one among you has not finished what she had to do, she will not go with him.

Helen. He sets out at five o'clock, mama, not four.

Mrs. Cranfield. Helen, will you never be rid of this shocking trick? Will you always be determined to assert the absolute reverse of every thing that you hear?

Helen. But if I am sure that papa sets out at five, and not before?

Mrs. Cranfield. Well, well, Helen; it will very soon be seen which is in the right. But I advise you, as a friend, to be prepared against the hour that *I* mention.

Helen. O, if that be all, mama, you may be sure to find me ready, even at four: for look ye, it is, as one may say, quite finished. I should gain a quarter of an hour beside, were I to run and work below there, in the garden.

Mrs. Cranfield. Why so, pray?

Helen. Because it is so much lighter there.

Mrs. Cranfield. But sure, you will lose a

deal

deal of time in going thither and returning?

Helen. O! do not fear but I ſhall recover it again. My work will go on ten times the better for it.

Mrs. Cranfield. As you pleaſe, Helen; but remember, I have forewarned you what may be the caſe.

Helen. I will take the conſequence upon myſelf, and run as faſt as poſſible.

In fact, ſhe did run thither very faſt; ſo faſt that ſhe arrived quite out of breath. She wanted more than half a dozen minutes to recover; and at laſt, when ſhe was ſet at work, her hands were in a tremble, owing to her flurry; ſo that ſhe frequently took up one ſtitch for another. In the end, when ſhe was quite recovered, it muſt be owned, ſhe puſhed her work on very faſt. And yet, in ſpite of all her diligence, it ſeemed to grow beneath her fingers. Mrs. Cranfield, who was really uneaſy, came to find her.

Mrs. Cranfield. Well, Helen, how goes buſineſs forward? Have you finiſhed?

Helen. No, not yet, mama; nor is it five o'clock yet.

Mrs. Cranfield. Right, Helen; but it is four: the clock has juſt ſtruck.

Helen. Not ſtruck, mama. I have been liſtening; ſo I am ſure of that.

Mrs. Cranfield. I do not know how it came about then that I heard it; and your father muſt have heard it likewiſe, for you will find that he is ſetting out.

Helen. O! now, I am ſure, you are joking: that can never be.

Mrs. Cranfield. However, Dick has put the horſes to, and here are your brother and your ſiſters coming. They are ready.

Helen. O, dear me! You do not ſay ſo, mama!

The Brother, (coming forward.) Where are you, Helen? We are waiting now for none but you.

Helen. One moment, brother.

The Brother. Four o'clock has ſtruck, and you remember, papa at dinner told us that he ſhould go preciſely to a minute; having an appointment here, at half paſt five.

Mrs. Cranfield. Well now, Helen, you remember what I told you.

Helen. But, mama—

(*Helen's*

(*Helen's three ſiſters enter, crying out,*) Helen! come, come, come!

Helen, (*vexed.*) Do not be in a hurry children.

The Brother. How, Helen, have you not done your purſe yet? See here the little landſcape that I ſhall give my couſin.

Firſt Siſter. And this pot of flowers, which will be my preſent.

Second Siſter. And this houſewife of my making for her.

Third Siſter. And theſe garters that I have knit her.—But here comes papa.

Mr. Cranfield, (*coming in.*) Well, we are ſetting out. You know, Helen, I never make any one wait for me, therefore I never ſtay for others. If you are ready, come along; but if not, remain behind.

Helen. My purſe is not done yet: I have but two ſhort rows to finiſh.

Mr. Cranfield. (*beckoning the other children to follow.*) Well, good bye, Helen: I will give your love to Caroline, and ſay that you wiſh her well and happy, on her birthday. (*They go out.*)

Helen, (*crying.*) They are ſetting out, and I muſt ſtay at home quite melancholy! I

that

that waited with ſo much impatience for this day! Caroline will have a preſent from every one of them, and I, the eldeſt, am not of the party! What will ſhe think of me?

Mrs. Cranfield. In reality, the caſe is pitiable, I muſt own; and more particularly ſo, as it depended on yourſelf alone, to ſhun this mortifying ſituation. I forewarned you what would be the caſe, in proper time; and if, inſtead of being obſtinately bent to go on with your purſe, you had but put a ribband to your work-bag; if you had not loſt ſo many minutes as you did in running hither; if you had not taken it into your head, from the firſt, that your father was not to ſet out till five, you would have ſaved yourſelf all this vexation. The misfortune is now come, and you have only to ſupport it, as you ought, with patience.

Helen. But my aunt and uncle, what will they think of me? They will imagine that I am in diſgrace, or elſe that I do not love my couſin.

Mrs. Cranfield. You muſt own, Helen, they will have ſome reaſon to ſuſpect as much.

Helen.

Helen. Ah, dear mama! inftead of leffening, you increafe my forrow!

Mrs. Cranfield. No, Helen, I am no lefs forrowful than you: but then, if you think proper, I can end your forrow.

Helen. Oh now, you are quite good! Yes, yes; I will make an end as foon as poffible, and then we two will take the purfe. My uncle, aunt, and coufin too, will be agreeably furprifed, and fee that my coming fo late was not my fault. I fuppofe then, you will fend out to fetch a coach, and in the mean time I fhall finifh.

Mrs. Cranfield. No, Helen, that would be to difobey your father, and deprive you of the benefit accruing from an ufeful leffon. You fhall not, at leaft to-day, go fee your coufin; but may have it in your power to be as happy as you would have been by going. I have a certain method to propofe to you for that purpofe.

Helen. And what is it, pray, mama?

Mrs. Cranfield. To form, from this time forward, a determined refolution not to fettle matters juft as you yourfelf think proper; to renounce particularly that intolerable trick that you have of contradicting

ing everlaſtingly whatever you hear ſaid; and to rid yourſelf of the vile habit of oppoſing your own ridiculous ideas to the counſels of ſuch people as you know to be wiſer than yourſelf. I am perſuaded, you have ſufficient courage to take up any reſolution, and to ſupport it.

Helen. Yes, indeed, mama, I will, I will do ſo.

Mrs. Cranfield. I expected nothing leſs from you, Helen; and if during the remainder of the week I ſee you perſevere in your laudable reſolution, we will go next Saturday and ſee your couſin. We ſhall then carry her the purſe and the work-bag alſo, which will make her think that you have delayed your preſent with a view of complimenting her with ſomething worthier of herſelf, and more expreſſive of your generoſity.

Helen, (embracing her mama.) Oh! dear mama, once more you make me happy!

Mrs. Cranfield. You, Helen, make me no leſs happy. Poſſibly this very moment you are laying the foundation of your whole future happineſs.

THE

THE DESERTER.

A DRAMA, in THREE ACTS.

CHARACTERS.

MOORHOUSE, -	*a Publican.*
GRACE, -	*his Wife.*
GEORGE *their Son,*	*a Corporal.*
TRUNNION, -	*his Comrade.*
THOMAS, -	*Moorhouse's Brother.*
STEWARD.	
CAPTAIN.	
SERJEANT.	

During the two first acts, the scene is laid in the Publican's house; but changes to a prison in the last.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Moorhouse, (entering,) Grace, (spinning with a distaff and spindle.)

Moorhouse. HERE is a soldier coming, Grace.

Grace, (letting fall her spindle.) A soldier! What are we to do? Our trade gone, and a soldier quartered on us!

Moorhouse.

Moorhouſe. After all, perhaps, though it is not likely that he ſhould help us, he will have more compaſſion on our poverty than richer folks. A ſoldier's character, my dear, is much miſrepreſented: he has far more conſcience than a ſteward, who is hardened to oppreſs the poor by dint of habit, while a ſoldier is often thinking of another life, as he has death before him often.

SCENE II.

Moorhouſe, Grace, Trunnion.

Trunnion. Save you! I am come to be your gueſt. See, here is the billet: it is for two. Another is on the road.

Moorhouſe. We would entertain you, ſoldier, with all our hearts, but we really have not the means. Though we keep a public-houſe, yet trade is ſo dead that we cannot renew our licence, which is almoſt out. We ſignified as much to Juſtice Parſons in the neighbourhood, and begged that no ſoldiers might be ſent us; but he anſwered, till our licence was expired we muſt be looked upon as publicans, and take the conſequence. Indeed, we have hardly now a ſingle

a ſingle cuſtomer: the houſe is deſerted, and our ſtock of liquor out to the very laſt drop.

Trunnion. But, for heaven's ſake, my good people, tell me how you live without a bit of fire?

Grace. When one has got no fuel, and no money to buy any—

Trunnion. For my part, I muſt have ſome to warm me, and a bit of dinner likewiſe. Have you any thing to give me?

Grace. Nothing; not ſo much as bread. We live from hand to mouth; and when we get one meal, cannot tell when we ſhall have another. If you do not believe me, take a look about the houſe, and ſee if you diſcover any thing but poverty within it.

Trunnion. No, no; I believe and pity you. I have a little money in my pocket, which I cannot do better than ſhare with you. My good friend, here is a ſhilling and ſome halfpence: go, buy us ſomething good to eat; you ſhall take a bit along with us, but firſt, a little wood.

Moorhouſe. You are very kind; I will run immediately. (*He goes out.*)

SCEN

SCENE III.

Trunnion, Grace.

Trunnion. And in the mean time, with your leave, good mother, I will examine how my arms are.

Grace. With my leave, good friend? Do what you pleafe; you are welcome.—(*Afide.*) My hufband is right; foldiers are much better chriftians than too many gentlefolks.—(*To Trunnion.*) My fon is a foldier likewife.

Trunnion. In what regiment?

Grace. Colonel Sheffield's.

Trunnion. What is his name then?

Grace. George Moorhoufe.——Heaven knows if he be ftill alive. I have not heard about him for thefe four years.

Trunnion. Do not you be uneafy, my good woman, he is ftill living.

Grace. Dear fir, do you know him then?

Trunnion, (*embarraffed.*) I can't tell that; but I fuppofe he is living, as he came of fuch good folks.

Grace. Ah, that is no reafon.

Trunnion. But I wiſh your huſband were returned. If I had but the wood, I would make a fire. My comrade is rather boiſterous, and will certainly be angry if he does not find things ready when he comes.

Grace. Oh! you will excuſe us. A good word from you will pacify him.

Trunnion. Words will not do with him, and beſides he is a corporal. I muſt not ſpeak to him as I pleaſe.

SCENE IV.

Trunnion, Grace, Moorhouſe.

Moorhouſe, (throwing down a faggot.) Here is ſome wood, and a nice bit of meat; and turnips that a gardener gave me. I have brought you back a little change too.

Trunnion. Keep that to buy us ſome ſmall beer. I thought to have had a pint of porter; but my family is increaſed, and ſo my liquor muſt be weaker.

Grace. Come, my dear, open the faggot, and I will make a fire: the gentleman ſays that his comrade is rather haſty.

Trunnion. Yes, and being a non-commiſſioned officer beſides, he will expect things to be as they ſhould. He is giving orders in the company, otherwiſe he would have been here before now. Ah! here he comes.

SCENE V.

Trunnion, Grace, Moorhouſe, George.

George. Well, is dinner ready? Make haſte, good people.

Moorhouſe. It is not our fault, good ſir, that matters are no forwarder. Your comrade will inform you ſo.

Trunnion, (*in a whiſper to George.*) Come, finiſh this child's play, and tell them who you are (*To Grace.*) Conſider this young man, good mother.

George. Do not you recollect me?

Grace, (*after having looked at George with attention.*) Heavens! can it be George?

George. Yes, yes, it is, dear mother. Oh, what pleaſure to behold you after ſuch long abſence.

 Moorhouſe,

Moorhouse. Is it possible? my son! Oh, welcome dear, dear boy, a thousand times!

Grace, (embracing him.) I see you then once more before I die? Heaven be praised!

Moorhouse. And how have you contrived to live? so many, my dear son, are dead, but you in safety!

George. Yes, and yet I have never been deficient in my duty. I owe it certainly to your prayers, that I have escaped safe and sound from all dangers. I find I am quartered on you: Are you sorry for it?

Moorhouse. Can you ask if we are sorry! since the day you left us, we have never been so happy.

Grace, (whispering Trunnion.) My good friend, you told me something of a corporal, I think?

Trunnion. Why, George is a corporal. Don't you see it?

Moorhouse. Then you are promoted! but how came that about? You could not read.

George. My captain had me taught.

Moorhouse. Oh, what a charming man this captain must be!

Grace. Let them tell us now that ſoldiers are not ſpecial people!

Trunnion. I will anſwer for it, George will ſoon be higher than a corporal. (*To George.*) But how came you not to tell me, when you ſaw the billet, that you were quartered on your father?

George. Comrade, I was ſo full of joy that I could not ſpeak.

Grace. How long are you to ſtay with us?

George. Two days. We halt here.

Moorhouſe. I am glad of that, my dear boy; we ſhall have time to talk of a few matters.

Trunnion. Well, well, I can ſee you have enough to talk of theſe three hours or more perhaps: ſo, mother, ſhew me where to make the fire and dreſs the meat; I will do the whole myſelf.

Grace. At leaſt I will help you, my good ſir.

Trunnion. No, no; you have enough to do with George, ſo do but ſhew me to your kitchen; then you may come back, and talk together at your eaſe.

Grace. Since you will have it ſo.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Moorhouse, George.

George. Then, father, you are not at your eafe?

Moorhouse. At our eafe! Oh, no. Our trade is fallen from us, and in fhort, thefe two years paft, it is wonderful how we fubfift!

George. But how is that poffible? you that were formerly fo well to live!

Moorhouse. You have reafon to be furprifed at it, knowing as you do how laborious we always were, and that we did not manage like one half of our neighbours, who do not know how to lay by any thing againft a rainy day. However, we have had fevere loffes fince you left us, and now the worft of it is that we are indebted to our landlord upwards of four pounds. We cannot pay it, and the fteward threatens every day to turn us out of doors, in which cafe we muft beg our bread.

George. Juft Heavens! could I have thought to find you in fo fad a fituation!

Moorhouſe. We ſhould never have been in it, had the ſteward not contrived to make you, as he did, a ſoldier. It was wholly a contrivance on his part; I will tell you the particulars ſome other opportunity. When he was nothing but a bailiff, and had ſcarce a coat to wear, I would not lend him money, and it was then that he firſt of all began to hate us. And at length he has completed his revenge. Our houſe is to be ſold, and you will not poſſeſs a groat belonging to your father.

George. If you had but ſomething to ſubſiſt on, I ſhould not regard myſelf. Here is all the money that I poſſeſs. I give it you with tears, becauſe I have no more to ſpare you.

Moorhonſe. May heaven repay it to you a hundred fold, my dear child! This will keep us a few days.

George. Let me think a little. Cannot I ſpeak with this ſame ſteward?

Moorhouſe. He will be here this very day.

George. Then I will be ſure to tell him ſomething that may do you good. The king is coming to review our regiment; ſo you

you ſhall go and tell him your ſad ſituation.

Moorhouſe. I go tell him! I ſhould not be able to pronounce a word before him. I ſhould ſtand ſtock ſtill, or perhaps run away through fear and terror, were I forced into his preſence!

George. Never fear: he would return you a kind anſwer. I was once a centinel at Windſor, on the Terrace, when the king was walking there: it was upon a Sunday evening. I ſhall never ſure forget with what familiarity he ſpoke to people; but that is nothing; for he met one morning with a poor man's child as he was walking through the town, and entering into converſation, found him ſuch a clever little fellow, that he ordered him a guinea: when the father heard it, he was ever on the watch to fall in with his majeſty, as he was walking out. He proved at laſt ſo fortunate as to obtain a hearing, when he thanked him for the guinea; upon which the king, would you believe it, ordered him another guinea for his gratitude, as he particularly mentioned.

Moorhouſe. You don't tell me ſo!

George. Believe me, I would much rather have to ſpeak with him than many of our officers.

Moorhouſe. What a gracious king!

George. There cannot be a better. So pray hear what I intend to do; I will get our quarter-maſter to write me a petition; and though poſſibly you ſhould have twenty miles to walk, no matter.

Moorhouſe. And what, think you, will the king do for us?

George. I cannot tell exactly, but we will talk further about it to-morrow. In the mean time, be aſſured, dear father, it is much more agreeable to have to do with great than little people. Come, let us take a turn or two together through the village.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Moorhouſe, Grace, George, (ſtanding near a table.)

Grace. We have no more than two plates.

George. No matter, mother. Our provider will be with us very ſhortly.

Moorhouſe. What a deal of pains he takes on our account!

George. You do not know him yet: next to fighting, he likes nothing half ſo well as cooking: here he comes.

Trunnion, (entering with the meat and turnips dreſſed.) Here, my friends. Here is what will warm our ſtomachs this cold weather. I have made a little broth; and take a ſoldier's word, you will find it excellent. So let us ſit down; but firſt ſay grace.——Come, help yourſelves.—They ſay there is no ſuch thing as eating broth without a ſpoon: and ſo here is mine. (*He takes a knife and ſpoon out of his pocket.*)

Moorhouſe. I am very glad of that: we have but two. (*They help themſelves.*)

Grace, (to Moorhouſe.) The broth is excellent!

Moorhouſe. I have not eat ſo good theſe many years.

George. Do not ſpare it then. To ſay the truth, I have taſted worſe.

Grace. We would never wiſh for better as long as we live: nay, nor yet ſo good, except on Sundays.

George. Well, let us now begin upon the meat.

Trunnion, (to Moorhouſe.) But how is this, my friend, you have no plate?

Grace. Oh, never mind: one plate will ſerve us both.

Trunnion. Here is mine.

Moorhouſe. By no means.

Trunnion. I can make myſelf a plate. *(He cuts a ſlice of bread, and puts his meat upon it.)* We ſhould be finely off in camp, if we were forced to wait for plates!

George. But father, you do not eat, what ails you?

Moorhouſe. Ah!

Trunnion. What makes you ſigh?

Moorhouſe. I cannot help ſighing, to reflect I ſhould have treated George at my

expence

expence on his return, but was without a bit of bread to give him.

George. Pray do not talk at this rate, father.

Trunnion. No, no, do not even think about it. Come, your health! (*he drinks.*) Now you, good friend.

Moorhouſe, (*taking the mug.*) Come, here is our benefactor's health; and many bleſſings on him for his kindneſs. (*Drinking.*)

Grace. Oh! a thouſand bleſſings!—— (*Drinking.*)

George. Comrade, my hearty thanks to you for this day's friendſhip ſhewn my parents.

Trunnion. Do you wiſh to make me proud? You drink my health, as if I had won a battle!

Moorhouſe. Ay, and you deſerve we ſhould. You have yourſelf but little, and part with it for our ſakes. (*A knock without.*)

Grace. Who's there?

SCENE II.

Moorhouſe, Grace, George, Trunnion, the Captain, Serjeant.

George. Our captain!

Serjeant, (with a pocket-book in his hand.) How many are you here?

George, (riſing.) Two. *(They all riſe.)*

The Captain. Very well. Do not ſtir: and you too, my good people, keep your ſeats, make no ceremony. I am charmed to ſee ſo much harmony and cordiality amongſt you. Have you *(to Moorhouſe)* any complaint againſt theſe men?

Moorhouſe. Oh! no ſir; if they are ſatisfied with us.

The Captain, (to George.) Do you like your quarters?

George. Sir, I am quartered with my father: it is my comrade's part to anſwer.

Trunnion. We have every thing that we deſire.

The Captain, (to Moorhouſe.) What! is this young man your ſon? You are very happy then; for I can tell you, all the regi-

ment

ment love him. (*He looks round about him.*) I am afraid your circumſtances are not of the eaſieſt: but you are rich in having ſuch a ſon!

George. I thank you, captain, for reſerving this favourable teſtimony of me for the ears of my parents, and ſhall ſo behave myſelf, I hope, that they may never loſe the happineſs that it affords them.

Moorhouſe. O, good ſir! my boſom overflows with joy.

Grace. We ſhould be happier, captain, could you let him ſtay with us.

Moorhouſe. What, wife, to die of hunger? Would you think it, ſir, this generous ſoldier, though a ſtranger to us, bought the dinner that we have been eating, otherwiſe we ſhould not have had bread to give our ſon? We have loſt our cuſtom; and beſides, our landlord, for about four pounds that we owe him—

The Captain. Threatens perhaps to turn you out of doors? The caſe, alas, is far too common: and I pity you ſincerely. Here is a piece of gold that I chance to have about me: it will be of ſome aſſiſtance to you. George, this is what your conduct has

deſerved;

deferved; fot it is on your account I give it to your parents.

George. Ah, my generous captain! if you knew how ferviceable fuch a gift is, you would fay yourfelf that I never can repay you as I ought.

Moorhouſe. God only can repay fuch bounty.

Grace. May he grant you many years of happinefs! If I had twenty children, I would let you have them every one with pleafure.

The Captain. Good woman! you repay my kindnefs very much indeed. One child is valuable to a parent, and you would give me twenty! but I interrupt your dinner. Farewell, good people. I will come once again and fee you, if I can, before we go.

Serjeant. Trunnion, be ready for the next relief: the guard will turn out very foon.

SCENE III.

Moorhouſe, Grace, George, Trunnion.

Trunnion, (drinking.) Long live our noble captain!

George. So I ſay indeed; for he has ſaved us all from dying.

Moorhouſe. He yet never ſaw us, and we get a piece of gold! who could have thought that a ſtranger would compaſſionate our ſituation, when we are treated with ſo much barbarity by thoſe that know us?

Grace. O the bleſſed gentleman! but how much is it worth? *(looking at the piece of gold.)* It muſt be of pretty large value.

Moorhouſe. Good heavens! could I ſuppoſe that I ſhould ever ſtand in ſuch need of a ſingle piece of money! What is it? Do you know its value, George?

George. I never ſaw ſo large a piece.

Trunnion. It is more, I am certain, than a guinea: but I cannot tell how much.—Stay, let me ſee.—Oh! now I recollect. It is what they call a ſix-and-thirty: there are ſeveral now going about. They come from

from Portugal: it is nearly worth two guineas.

Grace. What! two guineas! almoſt half our debt: if the ſteward would take this in part, it would make us eaſy.

Moorhouſe. I hope he will give us a little time for the remainder.

Grace. Do you think that is likely? I ſhould be content to live upon dry bread till next winter, provided we were not obliged to leave our houſe.

George. Do not be uneaſy mother, I will try what I can do with him.

Grace. We ſtood ſo much in fear of ſoldiers, and a ſoldier is now our guardian angel! God's good providence be praiſed for this repaſt, and the aſſiſtance that he has ſent us. (*They all riſe.*)

Trunnion. Well now, I will put every thing away.

Grace. Yes, truly, if I would let you. Reſt yourſelf; I will do that myſelf.

Trunnion. No, no; it is part of my employ. I will have you recollect the day we quartered in your little cot as long as you both live.

Grace. There is no reſiſting you. (*Trunnion*

nion takes the things out.) I am not ſurpriſed that the women are ſo fond of ſoldiers; they muſt make ſuch huſbands! they do all the work themſelves, and with ſo much dexterity! but I muſt follow, or he will waſh the plates. (*She is going, but returns.*) Ah! here is brother Thomas. Let us obſerve if he will remember George.

SCENE IV.

Moorhouſe, Grace, George, Thomas.

Grace, (*to Thomas.*) Look, brother, here is a young man come to ſee us. Don't take him for a common ſoldier though. Have you any knowledge of him? or you George, have you? go to him: it is your uncle Thomas.

George. Juſt as if I did not recollect him!

Thomas. I your uncle?—let me ſee.—— No—Yes—Yes, he himſelf. My nephew, as I live!—(*They embrace.*) One need not aſk about your health; you look ſo very well!

George. I hope, dear uncle, you are as well as I am.

Grace.

Grace. I could wiſh you did but know how much his captain praiſes him! I wiſh I could ſtay and tell you; but I am forced to go, or I believe our cook would ſet the houſe to rights from top to bottom.

SCENE V.

Moorhouſe, Thomas, George.

Thomas. I rejoice, dear nephew, with all my heart, to ſee you ſafe come home: however truſt me if you have not heard the whole already, you could never have returned to find us more unhappy. We are all as poor, as if the country had been pillaged.

Moorhouſe. And our landlord's wicked ſteward would gladly, if he could, ſuck out the little blood that is left us.

George. You no longer need have any fear of him, as you can pay down half the ſum that you owe him. He muſt needs be patient, till ſuch time as you can pay the reſt.

Moorhouſe, (letting Thomas ſee his piece of gold.) See brother; ſee what George has got me.

Thomas,

Thomas, (*to George.*) Did you ſave it from your pay, or is it plunder?

George. Neither one, nor the other; it is a preſent from my captain who was here juſt now.

Moorhouſe. It is to George however that I am obliged for it: his captain gave it me, becauſe he had behaved himſelf ſo well.

Thomas. In truth I am ſo much better pleaſed; becauſe a ſoldier, who would lay up ſuch a deal of money from his ſlender pay, muſt certainly deprive himſelf of many little comforts in this life: and, as to plunder, juſtify it how you will, it is always villainouſly got, and never proſpers.

George. That was what I always thought; and therefore never would go pillaging: indeed with all the plunder that others got, I found they were not richer than myſelf: but on the contrary, ſpent half their time in the black hole, being always guilty of ſome crime or other, after they had been a robbing, for it was nothing elſe; whereas my officers were never troubled with complaints of me.

Thomas. I eaſily believe you. All your family are honeſt people; and you would not,

not, I am ſure, be the only good-for-nothing fellow of the number. We are poor indeed, but have the fear of God before our eyes, and that is much better than the greateſt riches.

Moorhouſe. Yes; and if the ſteward—

Thomas. Softly brother, here he comes.

SCENE VI.

Moorhouſe, George, Thomas, the Steward.

The Steward. Well, Moorhouſe; to-morrow is juſt at hand. You are ready I ſuppoſe to pay your rent, or elſe to quit your houſe.

Moorhouſe. I cannot, my good ſir, pay more than half; nor ſhould I have been able to do that, if Providence had not aſſiſted me. Be ſo indulgent as to wait till harveſt for the reſt, and do not compleat my ruin by diſtreſſing me ſtill further than I am diſtreſſed already.

The Steward. By diſtreſſing you! the common cant: the more one does, the more one may for ſuch as you. How long, pray, has not this ſame rent of yours been growing?

ing? yet my lord diftreffes you; and why? becaufe at laft he tells you that he will have his money!

Moorhoufe. But is half of what we owe him nothing? Take that half, let me befeech you, and intreat my lord in our behalf.

The Steward. Yes, yes, intreat him to let you lead him by the nofe another twelve month? I fhall hardly do fo: therefore pay the whole; or elfe I feize, that's certain.

George. Oh! a little mercy, my good fir; and think that with a fingle word you have it in your power to make my father happy. If there's nothing goes unpunifhed in this world, 'tis furely no fmall matter to reduce an honeft man to beggary.

The Steward. Mind your mufquet, and not my affairs.

George. My mufquet, fir, belongs to the king, and I fhall take care of it without your inftructions. If the king were here prefent, he would not take it amifs that I fhould fpeak for my parents, and yet, I think, there is fome difference between you and him.

The

The Steward. Mr. Soldier, you may have ſeen ſervice, as they call it, but remember that you are not talking now to ſome boor whom you have plundered, and have at your mercy.

George. I never talked to any man as, I think, I ſhould to you (*now I know your diſpoſition,*) were I to meet you in an enemy's country.

The Steward. You will never have that ſatisfaction.

Thomas. Excuſe a ſoldier's bluntneſs, my good ſir.

The Steward. Hold your tongue likewiſe.—I have you down in my papers, I believe.

Thomas. I am ſure you have; and not me only, but all honeſt people.

The Steward. What do you mean by that?

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Moorhouſe, George, Thomas, the Steward, Grace, Trunnion.

Grace. The ſteward here!

Moorhouſe. Be quiet, wife.—For Heaven's ſake, let me beg you, Mr. Steward—

The Steward. All your prayers are uſeleſs; and to-morrow you ſhall ſet out on your travels.

Grace. You will ſurely have ſome pity on us. We ſhall ſoon get work. Here is half your money, and our houſe will ſtill be ſtanding for the other half, if we ſhould break our word.

The Steward. Still ſtanding! you may burn it: but if not, I muſt obey the orders of his lordſhip.

George. Has his lordſhip ordered you to ruin a whole family, for what my father owes him? You are paid to take whatever care you can of his affairs; and by proceeding as you would you do not earn your wages. Therefore take my counſel, and for once fulfil your duty.

The Steward. Will you tell me what my duty

duty is? you may keep your counfel to yourfelf; I tell you that.

George. And you, I tell you, may be civil.

The Steward. Who taught you all this impudence?

Trunnion. Suppofe yourfelf a moment in this young man's fituation. He is a foldier, and a foldier always knows what he is to fay; a thoufand times better, at leaft, than any fteward. You have dared before his face, to tell his father that he fhall go upon his travels. We all know the meaning of that phrafe: and would you have him ftand there like a poft before you, without having the fpirit to open his lips? Who could keep his temper if he faw his family on the point of being ruined by an ill-natured cur of your ftamp? We know what ftewards are, and how they make fortunes. This young man fpoke to you civilly at firft, and you flighted him. He is in the right now to fpeak the truth to you.

The Steward. This is paft bearing. (*Turns in a violent rage to Moorhoufe.*) Are you difpofed to pay? I afk you but once more.

Moorhoufe. I have told you that it is not in my power.

Grace.

Grace. And offered you the little that we have.

The Steward. I will have the whole or nothing.—If it is not ſent to-morrow, you ſhall hear from me.

George, (ſtopping him.) Once more.

The Steward. Let me go. I'll not have any thing to do with ſuch a ragamuffin.

George, (ſtriking him.) Ragamuffin! You are ſpeaking to a ſoldier, ſir, take that: and out with you. Old raſcal! get you gone! *(he puſhes him out.)*

The Steward. Oh! vengeance! vengeance!

SCENE XIII.

Moorhouſe, Grace, Thomas, George, Trunnion.

Grace. George, my dear George, what have you done!

Moorhouſe. We are ruined.

George. Do not be frightened, father. Had you wept even blood, he would not have relaxed. I never ſtruck a man before; but I was never called a ragamuffin

in my life till now. Could I be a ſoldier had I borne it?

Trunnion. If you had not ſtruck him, I was ready to ſtrike you.

Moorhouſe. Who knows what it may coſt us?

George. What, becauſe I would not be inſulted?

Grace. It was very wrong in you; for notwithſtanding he inſulted you, yet ſtill you ſhould have recollected that he is my lord's ſteward.

George. Pſhaw! he is not the firſt of his profeſſion that has undergone a ſoldier's vengeance. I, for my part, think it perfect ſympathy, that when a ſoldier ſees a rogue, he naturally knocks him down.

Grace. I can't help thinking we ſhould certainly have ſoftened him at laſt.

George. No, truſt me, never.

Grace, (*to Moorhouſe.*) What think you, my love? It will be much better for us to go after him.

George. It would be uſeleſs.

Moorhouſe. That may be; but I am reſolved, it ſhall not be ſaid that I have left

any

any means untried. So Grace, let us go together.

George. Well, ſince you will go, let it be ſo: but if he yields, I'll eat my hat.

Moorhouſe. Come, wife, let us try this only method left us; and Heaven's will be done, if it ſhould fail.

Grace. Sure, ſince we have ſtruggled through life thus far, Providence will not let us periſh with hunger at laſt.

Trunnion. Your mother, I can ſee, has all her neceſſary conſolations ready when ſhe wants them. I will go ſee, on my ſide, what our comrades are doing.

SCENE IX.

George, Thomas.

George. And do you think, uncle, that I have expoſed my parents to the ſteward's malice more, by my behaviour, than they were already?

Thomas. Truſt me, ſo I fear, though it was bad enough before between them. And yet, nephew, they might certainly have mended their affairs laſt week, if they had only had a little leſs compaſſion.

George. How, dear uncle?

Thomas. They diſcovered a deſerter, but would not inform againſt him, notwithſtanding the reward.

George. Indeed!

Thomas. The blackſmith here hard by was not ſo ſcrupulous, and got the money.

George, (*to himſelf.*) A deſerter! a thought ſtrikes me.—(*To Thomas.*) O uncle! I can ſave my father, if I pleaſe; but muſt have your aſſiſtance. May I truſt you?

Thomas. Certainly.

George. But can you keep a ſecret?

Thomas. I have always thought I could.

George. Whatever happens?

Thomas. Yes, provided there is no wickedneſs in the affair.

George. None, uncle.

Thomas. Well then, ſpeak.

George. But were you to betray me?

Thomas. It muſt ſure be ſome extraordinary matter?

George. Yes; but you will have no reaſon to fear any thing.

Thomas. Well, come then to the purpoſe.

George. I will deſert this very night. You ſhall ſecure me, and get forty ſhillings

lings by it, which will nearly pay my father's debt.

Thomas. I fancy you are turned fool! What, I ſecure you? I, your uncle? Why not bid me take a muſquet up at once, and ſhoot you?

George. There is no muſquet in the caſe. A ſoldier is never ſhot the firſt time that he deſerts.

Thomas. Well then, at leaſt he is flogged ſeverely.

George. But I need not fear even that; for all the officers of the regiment love me, and I am ſure I ſhall get off.

Thomas. No, no; I cannot conſent. Suppoſe your father was to know it?

George. Can he know it, if we keep the ſecret? For deſerting, as I have told you, I ſhall not be ſhot: though, were there any room to fear it, I have often riſqued my life to benefit my country; I can riſque it ſurely then to benefit my father. Think too, he is your brother, and that by this way only we can ſave him and my mother too from beggary, and perhaps from death.

Thomas. The devil, ſure, has brought me

into this temptation. I cannot tell what refolution I fhould take.

George. Remember you have promifed me, will you break your word? In my defpair I fhall defert, and then my father will get nothing by it: fo that you have no affection for your family if you refufe me.

Thomas. No affection!—You hold out a knife before me, and are ready, as it were, to ftab me to the heart.

George. Well, uncle, take your choice. Time preffes.

Thomas. But fhould you deceive me, nephew! Should your fentence be——

George. Of death, I have told you, there is no fear. At worft, it will not exceed a whipping. I know how to fuffer, and at every lafh I fhall bethink me that I have faved my father.

Thomas. Well then, I confent to do as you direct me; but fhould matters fall out otherwife——

George. How can they fall out otherwife? Give me your hand, and be fecret. Our people call the Roll, as we term it, at fix o'clock, and he that does not anfwer to his name is marked down as a deferter; now you

you ſhall conduct me to the guard-room to-night, and inform them that you apprehended me ten miles out of town, as I was deſerting from the regiment.

Thomas. It is the firſt deceit that I ever was concerned in.

George. Do not reproach yourſelf with it, dear uncle, ſince it will get us both a bleſſing. Let us embrace once more; and now go, find my father. But take care! let me conjure you not to cauſe ſuſpicion. If I am doing wrong, God will aſſuredly forgive me. What ſhould not a duteous ſon do for the preſervation of his parents?

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Priſon.*

Drums and other muſic at a diſtance.

Trunnion, (coming in.) Oh! my poor dear George! He ſhould have told us his diſtreſs about the curſed ſteward, and not thus deſerted. Who would have imagined it laſt night? to have gone off, been apprehended, and ſuffered his puniſhment all within the

compaſs of a night and a morning! But it is over, and I am glad of it. He has borne it like a hero; never uttered a ſingle groan; the regiment that loved him ſo well hitherto, will, I am ſure, not love him the worſe for it; for my part I could have gone through half the puniſhment for him. But here he comes.

SCENE II.

Trunnion, George, Serjeant.

George, (entering, lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven.) Thank heaven! it is over, and my father is ſafe!

Serjeant, (in ſurpriſe.) His father is ſafe! what does he mean by that?

George. Dear Trunnion!

Trunnion, (embracing him.) O my deareſt friend! how fares it with you?

George. Do not ſhed tears for my ſake, comrade; I am much happier than you think.

Serjeant, (aſide.) What can all this mean?—Shall I go fetch the ſurgeon?

George. No Serjeant, I thank you.

Serjeant,

Serjeant, (*aſide, ſhaking his head.*) There is ſomething of a myſtery in all this. I will go and tell my captain what I think of the affair. (*goes out.*)

SCENE III.

George, Trunnion.

Trunnion. Well at leaſt then take a drop of ſomething to ſupport you. (*Giving him a glaſs of liquor.*)

George, (*ſqueezing Trunnion by the hand.*) Thank you heartily, good comrade. (*He drinks.*)

Trunnion. I am rejoiced that the court, in conſequence of our requeſt in your behalf, remitted ſo much of your ſentence. But pray tell me, comrade, what poſſeſſed you to deſert thus!

George. I am aſhamed, dear Trunnion, to conceal the reaſon from you; ſo do not aſk me; it is a ſecret that I can never mention.

SCENE IV.

Trunnion, George, Thomas.

Thomas, (entering violently agitated.) Well, now are you ſatisfied ?—

Trunnion. Softly ! ſoftly ! You ſeem agitated. Do not diſturb your nephew, he wants reſt. A man is not always the ſame.

George, (whiſpering his uncle.) You are angry, uncle. Should you ſpeak of the affair between us, you will undo me.

Thomas. I am undone already.

George. Are you ſerious ?—*(to Trunnion.)* Prithee, my good friend, leave us a moment to ourſelves. *(Trunnion retires a little.)*

Thomas. Your father is in ſo great a paſſion that he will not ſee me, on account of my having informed againſt you, and received the money. Beſides he will not accept a farthing of it. When I offered it to him, he rejected it with horror. God forbid ! cried he, it is the price of my ſon's blood. What then ſhall I do ? There is ſcarce a boy in the village but will pelt me for my

my treachery, as they call it; and all this through you.

George. Be pacified, dear uncle! every thing will yet be well. The worst is past: and you have only to go back and tell my father that I desire to see him.

Thomas. No, not I:—he won't permit me to approach him. I informed you so before. But how is this! I see him coming with my sister.

SCENE V.

George, Thomas, Moorhouse, Grace.

Grace. Where is my son? Let me see him.

Trunnion. This way, good mother; here he is.

Grace, (running up to George.) What have you been doing, son? How could you cause us so much sorrow?

Moorhouse. (in anger.) Are you here, unhappy wretch? You have yourself converted all the joy that you gave me yesterday into distress and sorrow. I will never see you more.

George. Dear father, pray forgive me! I have undergone my puniſhment.

Moorhouſe. Yes, for flying from your colours; but you have not ſuffered for diſgracing us in our old age. Sure ſixty years, all paſſed without a blot upon our character, entitled us to hope that we ſhould have died without one: and yet now you have covered us with infamy. But we renounce you!

George. Pardon, pardon me, dear father! Heaven is my witneſs, I have not diſgraced you, and was far from wiſhing to diſgrace you.

Thomas, (aſide.) Oh! what torture to hear this, and yet be forced to ſtand thus ſilent!

George, (following Moorhouſe.) Do not, do not, father, leave me thus, without embracing me! Oh! ſtay a moment! And you, mother, can you ſhew yourſelf as cruel?

Grace. What can I do, ſon?

Moorhouſe. Never call him ſon. He has forfeited that name.

Grace. Forgive him, good man! He is ſtill our child.

Thomas. Yes, brother, let your heart be moved to pity his affliction.

Moorhouse. Hold your tongue! You are full as bad as he is; you that fell your nephew for the fake of money. I will no more be your brother, than his father.

Grace, (having talked a little while with George.) Hear me, hufband! He makes folemn promifes. Do not make us both wretched! After all, he is our child, the only one that we have, and can we then not love him?

Moorhouse. Don't fpeak one word more, woman, but follow me! *(He is going out, but Trunnion holds him.)*

Trunnion. Come, mafter Moorhoufe; enough! You have vented your paffion: let all be forgotten. The king accepts him again; why fhould not you! Give him, give him your hand. Do you think that I fhould continue to have a regard for him, if he did not deferve it?

Grace. Hear that, my love! Do not be more hard-hearted towards him than ftrangers are. Befides, confider what his captain faid yefterday in his behalf.

Moorhouse. I fee him coming: fo I will fpeak to him before I anfwer.

SCENE VI.

George, Thomas, Moorhouſe, Grace, Captain, Serjeant, Trunnion.

Moorhouſe. Ah! ſir, does it not afflict you, when you recollect that yeſterday you ſaid ſo much in praiſe of my unworthy ſon?

The Captain. He had deſerved it; though indeed I could not have ſuppoſed my commendation would have had ſuch bad effects. But (*to George*) tell me what could poſſibly induce you to deſert! You muſt have had ſome very urgent motive. Let me know the ſecrets of your heart, whatever be the conſequence. You have been puniſhed, and have therefore nothing now to fear.

George. My worthy captain, do not, I beſeech you, take away your favour from me! I will endeavour to deſerve it.

The Captain. If you tell the truth, I will not. For to fancy that you deſerted for a quarrel, which, I underſtand, you had with a ſteward, is abſurd.

George. And yet, your honour may be certain, there is no other reaſon. It is well known,

known, I never was remarkable for quarrelling with any one. The leaſt offence appears enormous, when one has not been accuſtomed to it. I was ſo diſturbed at the affair that it took away my reaſon; and beſides, the unhappy ſituation of my father aided to diſtract me.

The Captain. What then ſignified theſe words that you ſaid on entering the priſon with the ſerjeant? *Thank Heaven, it is over, and my father is ſafe!*

Moorhouſe, (aſtoniſhed.) Were thoſe his words, ſir? God forgive me, but the devil ſurely muſt have turned his brain.

George, (ſighing.) I do not remember to have ſaid thoſe words.

Serjeant. I remember to have heard you ſay them, when you firſt entered this room.

Trunnion. Yes, yes, comrade, that you did. I myſelf heard you alſo, now I recollect.

George. They muſt then have certainly eſcaped me in my pain.

The Captain. They might ſo; yet they are not without a meaning.

George, (in great embarraſſment.) I do not know what anſwer to make you.

The Captain, (taking him by the hand.) Do not, my honeſt fellow, ſtudy to deceive us. This deſertion has ſome other reaſon than your quarrel. Your diſſimulation very much diſpleaſes me; and you are likely to loſe all my friendſhip. Was it not on account of your father——

George, (eagerly.) How ſay you, ſir. Do not believe——

The Captain. I ſee, you are not worth the trouble that I am taking for you, and no longer wiſh to be informed of any thing about you. You are more indifferent to me than the worſt of men. You do not know, perhaps, how much you have loſt by this prevarication.

Thomas. I muſt tell it then, at laſt.

George, (interrupting him.) Dear uncle, would you wiſh to make us more unhappy than we are?

Thomas, (to the Captain.) I can explain the whole affair, ſir; but have reaſon to fear leſt the miſchief ſhould become ſtill greater.

The Captain. No, you have nothing to fear; I give you my promiſe.

Thomas.

Thomas. Well then, good ſir, it was to ſave his parents that he deſerted. He found means to make me turn informer, and get forty ſhillings, that his father might have wherewithal to pay his debts; but now, his father will not hear a word about the money or his ſon. Let me beſeech you therefore, ſir, to rid me of this money, which I cannot keep, and interpoſe at leaſt with your authority and kindneſs, that my brother may be profited by what his ſon has ſo affectionately done to benefit him; for the affair is exactly as I relate it to you. (*Every one appears aſtoniſhed.*)

The Captain. George what do you ſay to this?

George, (*burſting into tears.*) You have heard the truth. However, I beſeech your honour to believe that nothing but my father's ſafety could induce me to deſert my colours. I deſpiſed the danger, hoping to ſave him; but, ſince every thing is diſcovered, and my hopes all loſt, I muſt ſuffer more ſeverely.

Moorhouſe, (*embracing George.*) What, dear George! and was it for my ſake you did all this?

Grace, (embracing him alſo.) Yes, now indeed we may embrace him; though, indeed my heart informed me all along that he could not be ſo guilty.

The Captain, (taking George by the hand.) Oh, my generous youth! what affection and what courage! Yet, to ſay the truth, your filial piety has carried you too far; for to deſert is always blameable.

Moorhouſe. Moſt certainly! Heaven keep me from becoming richer by a penny of this money!

George. There now, uncle, ſee what comes of your revealing the affair! I have made myſelf a double criminal to get my father money, which you find he will not accept.

Thomas. Yes, yes, you have this to lay to my charge, I muſt acknowledge; but his honour made me a promiſe firſt of all.

The Captain, (to Thomas.) Let your brother have the money. Take it, *(to Moorhouſe,)* my good friend; for George has deſerved it richly.

Moorhouſe I can never bring myſelf to take ſuch ill-got money.

The Captain. I *will* have you take it! and what is more, I will go and tell the

matter

matter to our colonel.—(*To George.*) You have not done your duty as a ſoldier, I acknowledge; but have ſhown yourſelf a ſon in ſuch a manner, that he cannot but be moved when made acquainted with it. Wait me: I will return immediately. (*The Captain and Serjeant go out,*)

SCENE VII.

George, Thomas, Moorhouſe, Grace, Trunnion.

George. My conſolation is, that I can now with greater confidence entreat you to forgive me, as I have finiſhed your misfortunes, and the ſteward will not have it in his power to hurt you.

Trunnion. Yes, my good old man, forgive your ſon! He will be cured the ſooner, if he has your bleſſing: and beſides, you ought to conſider that he is to poſſeſs your cottage after you.

Moorhouſe. He is, and therefore I will preſerve it for him. Come, my ſon, forgive your father, who has uſed you thus unkindly. Heaven can tell how much I ſuffered, from the thought that you had left your

your colours; and it ſeems, you were diſcharging even then your duty towards me. How ſhall I repay you for ſo much affection, in the little time that I have to live?

George. By loving me, as you have always done.

Grace. Oh, yes! and ten times more; for every bit of bread that we eat, we will ſay to one another, it is our dear ſon's gift.

George. I am ſatisfied. And I thank you, uncle, for the ſervice that you have done me.

Thomas. You thank me, do you? I am glad that matters have turned out as well as they have. But never make ſuch a tickliſh experiment again. And now, brother, have you ſtill a grudge againſt me? If it had not been from my wiſh to ſerve you, I would never have been concerned in my nephew's ſcheme, no more than he would; and ſince you pardon him, you may extend your liberality to me.

Moorhouſe. What can excuſe your conduct, brother? I may throw myſelf into the flames, but he that lights them for me ought to be conſidered cruel. Yes, indeed.

However,

However, I will not hate you: there is my hand.

Trunnion. Comrade, hitherto I have loved, but now respect you. Let us embrace then, and be always friends.

SCENE VIII.

George, Thomas, Moorhouse, Grace, Trunnion, the Captain.

The Captain. Good luck! good luck! You are a serjeant on the spot. The colonel, when I told him the affair between your father and yourself, was happy to promote you. Take this also (*giving him a purse of money*) from him, as a witness how much he applauds your filial piety.

Moorhouse and Grace. O, sir, may heaven reward you!

The Captain. Nothing in all this is due to me: the colonel has done every thing. (*George embraces his parents one after the other, and then turning to the Captain, says*) I beg your honour's pardon!

The Captain. You deserve the pleasure of embracing those that gave you birth, to whom

whom you have ſo well diſcharged your duty.

Thomas. Well, could any one have thought that old Thomas, ſimple as he is, would come to make a ſerjeant, as, it is plain, I have?

Trunnion. Yes, yes: and therefore, Mr. Serjeant—

George, (embracing him.) Call me nothing but comrade and friend, as we have always been.

Trunnion. Well then, comrade, let us break off a little for the preſent: and as nothing like good liquor ſuits a joyous time, let us, as ſoon as we are able, make up for the ſorrows of laſt night and this morning. His honour and the colonel ſhall be toaſted firſt.

THE BED OF DEATH.

DUNCAN, a bricklayer's labourer, living in a diſtant country town, had loſt his wife about a quarter of a year be-

fore

fore the event we are to write of. The expences of a tedious illneſs, and the interruption of his labour by a very rainy ſeaſon, had reduced him to the laſt diſtreſs. His children were half naked, and had really no bread to eat. This circumſtance was of itſelf ſufficiently tormenting; but to aggravate the ſcene, Suſanna, his poor mother, laid upon a little ſtraw in the corner of the cottage, was almoſt in the agonies of death.

Duncan, at ſuch a proſpect round about him, overwhelmed with ſorrow, took a broken matted chair, and at a little diſtance from Suſanna's bed ſat down upon it, having both his hands held up, that he might hide his tears.

His mother turning towards him, with a feeble voice enquired, if there was no where in the houſe a rag to put upon her. I cannot make myſelf warm, ſaid ſhe, do what I will.

Duncan. Stay, mother; I will pull off my coat, and lay it on you.

Suſanna. No, no; I will not have it, my dear ſon. A little ſtraw, if you have nothing elſe, will do as well. But have you not a ſingle bit of wood ſtill left to make

a fire

a fire for these poor children? You will tell me, you cannot go into the fields, because of the attention that I require. My life is very long, since I am grown burthensome to you!

Duncan. Pray do not say so, dear mother. Would to God I could procure you what you want, at the expence of my own life! I would freely give it up: but this is my grief, that you suffer cold and hunger, while I am utterly unable to relieve you.

Susanna. Do not let that, however, afflict you much, my poor son. Thank God, my agonies are not so great as your affection fears they may be: they will very quickly finish, and my blessing will be the recompence of what you are doing now, and have been always doing for me.

Duncan. O my poor dear mother! In my infancy you put yourself to many difficulties for my maintenance; and I, in your old age, must thus sit by and see you want for common necessaries! That, dear mother rends my heart.

Susanna. I know, it is not through any fault of yours; and then, Duncan, upon a death-bed one has few—(believe me when

I tell

I tell you ſo)—few earthly wants. Our heavenly father has us then particularly in his care. I thank you heartily, my dear. Your love conſoles me in this hour of my departure.

Duncan. What, dear mother, have you then no hopes of recovering?

Suſanna. No; I feel within me that I muſt die of this complaint.

Duncan. You do not ſay ſo?

Suſanna. Do not afflict yourſelf! I ſhall ſoon be in a better world.

Duncan, (with ſighs.) Oh heaven! oh heaven!

Suſanna. I ſay, my ſon, this need not grieve you. You were all my happineſs when I was young, and now you prove the joy of my laſt moments. Soon, yes very ſoon, thank heaven, you will have nothing left you but to cloſe my eye-lids. I ſhall then aſcend to my Creator, tell what you have done for me, and earneſtly beſeech him to reward you for it everlaſtingly. Think frequently of me, and I will think of you above.

Duncan. Yes, always, always.

Suſanna. There is only one thing in the

world that gives me pain when I think of it.

Duncan. And what is that mother?

Sufanna. I am muftering up my ftrength to tell you. And believe me, I *muft* tell you; for it is like a ftone oppreffing me at heart.

Duncan. Comfort yourfelf, dear mother, then, and fpeak.

Sufanna. I faw your little Arthur come yefterday here clofe behind my bed, and pull out feveral apples, which he eat. Duncan, thefe apples were not ours; for then he would have thrown them on the table, and afked me to take fome. I remember ftill how lovingly he ufed to come and fling himfelf into my arms, when he had any thing to give me; faying with fo much good-nature, Eat fome, do, my dear grandmother. O my dear, dear fon! if he fhould be a thief hereafter! The thought has afflicted me ever fince yefterday. Where is he? Pray go fetch him. I would talk a little to him.

Duncan. Wretch that I am! (*He runs and fetches Arthur, and puts him by Sufanna; fhe raifes herfelf with difficulty, turns about, takes*

takes both his hands in hers. and leans her head upon his ſhoulder.)

Arthur. Grandmother, do you want me! You don't me call here, I hope, to ſee you die!

Suſanna. No, no; fear nothing, my poor Arthur, I do not deſire to frighten you; and yet, my deareſt, I ſhall die, and very ſoon too.

Arthur. But not yet. Do not die till I am bigger.

(*Suſanna falls backward in her bed. The child and father look at one another weeping, and each takes her by the hand.*)

Suſanna, (*coming ſomewhat to herſelf.*) I am much better now that I have changed my poſture.

Arthur. So then you won't die?

Suſanna. Be comforted, my little fellow. Dying is not painful to me, as I am going to a tender father, who at preſent waits in heaven to ſee me. When I am once with him, I ſhall be better off than here. Soon, ſoon my little fellow, I ſhall ſee him.

Arthur. Well then, take me with you: I will go too.

Sufanna. No, my dear, you fhall not go with me; but, if it pleafes God, remain a good while here behind me. You fhall live to be a virtuous and good man, and when your father is as ill as I am, you fhall be his confolation, and afford him the af-fiftance that he needs. Won't you, Ar-thur? Won't you obey him conftantly, and do whatever you think will give him plea-fure? See, he does whatever he is able for my fake. And won't you promife me that you will do fo too?

Arthur. Yes, certainly I will, grand-mother.

Sufanna. Take care then how you per-form your promife. God who made both earth and heaven, cannot but fee every thing that you do. I fuppofe, you believe this.

Arthur. Yes, I do believe it: you have taught me fo yourfelf.

Sufanna. How then, my deareft Arthur, could you fuppofe that he would not fee you come here yefterday behind my bed, and eat the apples that you had ftolen?

Arthur. I will do fo no more—no, never grandmother, believe me, while I live. For-give

give me what I have done, and pray that God Almighty would forgive me too.

Sufanna. It is true then, is it, that you ftole thofe apples?

Arthur, (fobbing.) Ye-e-es.

Sufanna. And pray of whom?

Arthur. Of ne-e-eighbour Le-e-onard.

Sufanna. You muft go to neighbour Leonard then, and afk his pardon.

Arthur. Oh, do not fend me there, pray grandmother. I dare not go.

Sufanna. You *muft*, my little friend, that you may never do the like again. For heaven's fake, my dear child, in future never take what does not belong to you; not even a bit of bread, though you were ftarving. God will never let you want, fince it was he who created you. Truft then to his affiftance, tell him when you fuffer, and be fure that he will confole you.

Arthur. Certainly, grandmother, certainly, I will never fteal again: I promife you I will not: and for the future I would much rather die of hunger than fteal any thing.

Sufanna. God hear and blefs your refolution from his holy habitation. I have hopes

that of his goodneſs he will keep you from ſo great a ſin. (*She claſps him to her heart, and weeps.*) You muſt, my little boy, this inſtant go to neighbour Leonard, and deſire him to forgive you. Tell him that I, too, beg him to forgive you. Go, my good Duncan, with Arthur; inform him how it grieves me, that I am not able to make him reſtitution for the theft; but that I will pray to God for his proſperity, and beg a bleſſing on his family. Alas! he is no leſs poor than we; and were it not that his good woman works ſo hard, he could never bring up ſuch a family of children as he has. My dear good ſon, for my ſake, when I am dead and buried, give him a day's work to make him up his loſs: it matters not how little he has ſuffered. We ſhould think it criminal to take away a pin. You will remember this, Duncan?

Duncan. Yes, mother; ſo do not let the matter make you any more uneaſy.

He had hardly ſaid theſe words, when, as it chanced, 'Squire Wealthy's ſteward tapped without againſt the window.

Poor Suſanna knew him by his uſual way of tapping, and the cough he conſtantly had

had on him. Blefs me, it is the fteward! faid fhe. Surely fome great mifchief threatens us. He is like a raven, croaking at the window fome bad tidings.

Duncan. Do not be frightened thus, my good mother: I am not a fingle farthing in his debt; and for the rent that we owe the 'fquire at Midfummer, I will give him all the labour that he requires in harveft.

Sufanna. Yes, provided he will but wait fo long.

Duncan went out to know the fteward's bufinefs. After he was gone, Sufanna fetched a grievous figh, and faid, difcourfing with herfelf, Since he was fo hard-hearted as to feize upon our goods for rent, I cannot fee or hear him, but my heart revolts at the idea; and at prefent, in my dying moments, he muft come and cough at our window. But perhaps the hand of God brings him hither as an admonition for me to difcharge my heart of every thing that looks like malice or ill-will againft him, and even pray for mercy on his foul. Well then, my God, I am content to do fo. I no longer wifh him any harm. Forgive

 his

his ſin as I forgive it. (*She hears the ſteward ſpeaking rather loud.*)

But I hear his voice! he is in a paſſion!—Heaven take pity on us!—O my poor Duncan, it is out of love for me that you have fallen again into his hands. (*She faints, on which the little boy jumps off the bed, and runs to fetch his father.*)

Arthur. O father, father! Quick, come here! My grandmother is dying.

Duncan. O my God!—Permit me, Mr. Steward. I *muſt* go to her aſſiſtance.

The Steward, (going out.) Yes indeed! that is very neceſſary. The old Jezebel may die elſe!—I ſhould think it a good riddance of bad rubbiſh.

Luckily Duncan was got too far to hear theſe cruel words. He was already by Suſanna's bed, who ſpeedily recovered from her ſwoon, and thus addreſſed her ſon:

The ſteward came to ſcold you: I could hear him. Doubtleſs he will not grant you time, when once the quarter is turned.

Duncan. No, mother, he did not come for that: he brought me, on the contrary, good news.

Suſanna.

Sufanna, (paufing a moment, and appearing to collect her fpirits.) But is this true, my fon? or do you only wifh to comfort me a little? What good news can *he* have for us?

Duncan. It is the 'fquire's defign, he fays, to pull down and rebuild his houfe; at leaft the front and ftables; and to employ me at it, with my neighbours. I fhall have at leaft, he fays, ten fhillings every week.

Sufanna, (with a countenance of joy.) You don't fay fo?

Duncan. Yes, certainly; and there will be a matter of two years continual work. Next Monday I begin.

Sufanna. God's providence be praifed for all things! I fhall now die happy, feeing you enabled to get bread to feed your little ones. Death now has nothing painful in it. Heaven is merciful! may you, Duncan, at all times find it fo: but tell me, are you not by this convinced of what I have fo often told you, that the more misfortunes on one fide attack us, fo much more God's grace awaits us on the other?

Duncan. Yes, I am, and fhall be always. But methinks you feem much better. Let

me quit you for about a minute. I will go fetch a little ſtraw to cover you.

Suſanna. No, no: I feel myſelf much warmer. Rather go with Arthur to neighbour Leonard's. That is what diſturbs me moſt of all. Go, my ſon, I aſk it as a favour.

Hearing this, he did not ſtay a moment in the room, but took his ſon, and going out, gave Margaret a ſign to come and let him ſpeak with her.

Take care of your poor grandmother, ſaid he; and if a fainting fit ſhould ſeize her, come and fetch me from the carpenter's; I ſhall be there.

Leonard was at work, and Gertrude his wife was left all alone at home. She ſaw at once that the father and the child had both been crying.

What is the matter with you, my good friend, ſaid Gertrude, that you have been crying? What is the matter with you, my poor Arthur?

Duncan. Ah, neighbour Gertrude! I am quite unhappy. This poor child of mine who wanted victuals yeſterday, came here and took ſome apples that were yours: he has

has confeſſed it. My poor mother ſaw him eat them.—Gertrude, ſhe is on her death bed, and deſires you to forgive him. I cannot pay you now the worth of what he took away; but when I go to work, which will be very ſhortly, I will be ſure to ſatisfy you.

Gertrude. O don't ſpeak about it, neighbour: it is a trifle not worth mentioning. And you, my little fellow, promiſe that you will never for the future take what is not your own. (*She kiſſes him.*) You are born of ſuch good people!

Arthur. Oh! I promiſe you I will not: forgive me, Gertrude. I will never ſteal again.

Gertrude. No, never for the future, my good child. You do not know yet how great a ſin it is! When you are hungry, come to me, and if I have a bit of bread myſelf, I will ſhare it with you.

Duncan. Thank ye, neighbour; but I hope, he will never want bread again. I have got a deal of work to do at 'Squire Wealthy's.

Gertrude. Yes, I heard ſo of the ſervants, and was very glad.

Duncan. I was not near ſo happy when I got it on my own account, as for my mother's ſake. She has at leaſt this comfort on her death-bed. Tell my good friend Leonard that I ſhall work with all my heart to make him compenſation for his loſs.

Gertrude. Do not ſpeak about it, I requeſt you once again. My huſband, I am certain, will not think of any compenſation. He was out of work himſelf, and is to have the wood-work of the job for which you are engaged. But as poor Suſanna is ſo ill, I will go and give her my aſſiſtance.

Gertrude got on her cloak, and then put up ſome pears and apples in a bag, and filled the little fellow's pockets likewiſe; took him by the hand, and bidding poor Duncan go firſt, came after.

They had quickly reached Suſanna's chamber. Gertrude held out her hand, but turned away her face, that ſhe might hide her tears. Suſanna, notwithſtanding, ſaw her, and began as follows:

You are crying then, my dear friend Gertrude?

Gertrude. Indeed I cry to ſee you ſuffer thus.

Suſanna.

Susanna. It is, or ought to be, alas! *our* part to cry. Forgive us, I beseech you: It is the first time that such a circumstance has happened in our house.

Gertrude. Why what a serious business you are making of a trifle! It was excusable in such a child!

Susanna. But if when older, he should take to be a thief!

Gertrude. No, no; I will answer for him, he will be good. My dear Susanna, you deserve this recompense of heaven for your own honesty, and all the care that you have taken to bring up your family in virtue. Do you want for any thing? Do not fear to tell me if you do: for every thing that we have is at your service.

Arthur. Yes, indeed; for only see what Gertrude has given me! Eat, dear grandmother, do, eat some.

Susanna. No, my child, I cannot: I shall never eat again; I feel my strength go from me, and I have almost lost my sight. My son, draw near me: now is come the moment to take leave, and give you my farewel.

Duncan no sooner heard these words, than

than he was ſeized all over with a ſudden trembling: he took off his hat, fell down upon his knees beſide Suſanna's bed, laid hold with ardour of her hand, then lifted up his eyes to heaven, and would fain have ſpoke, but could not: tears and ſighs prevented him.

Take comfort, ſaid Suſanna; I am going to a happier life than this, and there will wait your coming. When we once meet there, we ſhall not part again.

Duncan in ſome degree recovering, bowed his head, and craved his mother's bleſſing. Bleſs me, ſaid he, my dear mother. I deſire to follow you, when once my children have no further need of my aſſiſtance.

Suſanna opened once again her dying eyes; and with uncommon fervour looking up, pronounced theſe words:

Hear me, O heavenly Father, and vouchſafe the bleſſing of thy grace and favour to my ſon, the only one that I ever had, and whoſe affection was the comfort of my life. Duncan, may God be always with you, and confirm in heaven this bleſſing which I pronounce on you for having fulfilled your duty ſo much like a ſon.

Hear me now, my dear Duncan, and carefully obſerve what I ſhall tell you. Bring your children up in virtue, and accuſtom them betimes to a laborious life, that if they ſhould be poor, they may not, when grown up, loſe courage, and be tempted to do wrong. Inſtruct them to place all their truſt in God, and to live good friends with one another; ſo that they may find ſure conſolation amidſt the evils of this life. Forgive the ſteward his injuſtice. When I am buried, pray inform him that I departed without any malice or ill-will againſt him, and beſought of God that he would grant him of his grace to ſee the ſin that he had committed, and repent before he came upon a death-bed. (*She ſtops a little to take breath, and then goes on.*)

Reach me, my good friend, (*to Gertrude*) that book behind you; and my dear Duncan, there is a little leather bag in our great cheſt; I wiſh to have it. Good! (*ſhe takes and claſps them to her heart.*) Theſe are the only treaſures that I have left on earth. And now I ſhould be glad to ſee your children.

They were weeping at a table, whence their

their father brought them to Susanna, putting them upon their knees beside her, while she raised herself a little, so that she might see them, and began:

My dearest children, I am very sorry that I must leave you motherless and poor. Think often of me, my sweet babes. I have nothing that I can give you but this book: it has been frequently my consolation, and as often will be yours. When you have learned sufficiently, read in it every evening to your father. It will teach you to be good; and if you are but good, you cannot fail of being happy.

This, Duncan, (*taking out a piece of paper from the leather bag,*) is a certificate which I brought your father of my good behaviour at our marriage. Let it pass by turns to each of your three daughters, till they marry. It is my last request. And as for you, my son, I have nothing in the world to give you in remembrance of me; but the comfort is, you want none. You will not forget me, I am certain.

Gertrude, shall I request one other favour of you, after having pardoned Arthur? When I am dead, see now and then to

these

thefe poor children.—They have no one friend.—I recommend you in particular my poor dear Lucy.—She is the youngeft of the three.—Where is fhe ?—I can hardly fee.——(*She ftretches out her arm with difficulty.*)

Conduct my hand, and let me touch her. —O my children! (*fhe dies.*)

After a moment's filence, Duncan fuppofing her to be fallen afleep, faid foftly to his children, Rife, and do not difturb her flumber. Might fhe but recover, after having had this unexpected reft! But Gertrude faw plainly that fhe was dead, and gave Duncan to underftand as much. What was his diftraction then, and that of his helplefs family? How they wept and wrung their hands! How they beat upon their breafts, and tore their hair up by the roots for anguifh!

Gertrude, as well as fhe was able, comforted their forrow, and repeated to Duncan Sufanna's parting words, which in his grief he had not heard diftinctly.

She began that very day to fhew how much fhe valued the deceafed, by complying with her laft wifh. The little orphans being

being brought up with her own dear children, had the fame inftruction; and improving by it, grew in time to be a pattern for the village; and particularly Arthur, continually having in remembrance his firft fault, became remarkable in time for his fidelity and honeft dealing.

PASCAL.

MR. Dawkins was accuftomed every Saturday to pay his only fon, a little boy whofe name was Pafcal, an allowance, fuch as was fufficient to procure him, the week through, thofe little pleafures and enjoyments which children of his age fo naturally purfue. No lefs confident than generous, he never looked for an account from Pafcal of the way in which he laid out what he gave him. He fuppofed his principles to be fuch, that he would not abufe his bounty, but remember the inftruction which he had fo frequently given him upon the fubject. But what lamentable

ble confequences did this too blind credulity produce?

For hardly ever had he touched his weekly payment, but he ran that moment to a fhop hard by, and ftuffed himfelf with paftry and nice things. His purfe, in this firft onfet, underwent fo great a diminution, that a very little the next day was fufficient to exhauft it totally: and during the laft part of every week, he never had a farthing to regale himfelf withal; yet he did not, upon that account, the lefs hanker after the fame delicacies. Wherefore being refolved to gratify his palate, he prevailed upon the paftry-cook, at firft, to give him credit; but when afterwards he found that the boy's allowance was never applied to pay off thefe arrears, while on the other hand the debt increafed, he faw that it was prudent to give in his bill to Mr. Dawkins. Mr. Dawkins was extremely angry with the tradefman, reprimanded his improper conduct, and forbade not only *him*, but every tradefman round about, to let his fon have any thing for which he could not pay on the fpot. This might have been fuppofed a good precaution; and accordingly he

thought it could not but become a check on Pafcal's gluttony; whereas it only irritated matters, and the boy, as we fhall fee, at any rifque refolved to gratify his palate.

Pafcal's chamber was contiguous to his father's. After having noticed when his father generally flept the foundeft, he once got up foftly, came into his room, and feeling for his breeches, took out half a crown. Emboldened by this fatal fuccefs, he frequently repeated his offence, and for a time without detection: but there cannot be a crime, however fecretly committed, which does not come to light at laft.

It chanced that Mr. Dawkins, fome time after Pafcal's firft offence in that way, had a law-fuit on the following day to be decided. Having thought upon it waking, it is not to be wondered at that it fhould take up his attention after he was gone to reft. In fact, he lay quite filent, ruminating on the affair, when Pafcal, thinking him afleep, got up as he was wont to do. Unhappily for him, the moon threw light enough into the chamber, that a perfon coming in might eafily be feen. Accordingly let any one imagine if he can, what Mr.

Mr. Dawkins muſt have felt, beholding his own ſon thus come and rob him! He for that time ſtifled his reſentment; but before the thief could quit his chamber in the morning, he got up, went to him, and found means to turn the converſation into ſuch a channel, as to aſk him how much he intended to lay out that day of his allowance. Nothing, anſwered Paſcal. I have given all my laſt week's money to a poor man in the neighbourhood, and muſt deny myſelf a little till next Saturday.

His father could not poſſibly reſtrain his indignation any longer, hearing ſo deteſtable a lie come from him. He ſprung forward, ſeized him by the collar, for by this time he was dreſſed, and found five ſhillings in his pocket, which was what he had ſtolen from his father. In proportion as he had till now been tender and indulgent to his ſon, ſo much the greater was his ſeverity and rigour on this occaſion; for his reprimands were only the preamble to a harſher treatment, and the wretched Paſcal was obliged to keep his bed for many days, in conſequence of the correction that he received.

How

How difficult it is to extirpate a vice which has once taken root within us! Pafcal was not cured by this correction. Mr. Dawkins left the key of his bureau one evening in the lock, and Pafcal took a model of the wards, and got another made at the fmith's. This gave him a convenient opportunity to rob his father whenever he pleafed: who, as he ufually kept a great deal of cafh by him, and as Pafcal was more cunning than to take too much at once, fufpected nothing of the affair. He was now fifteen years of age, and could diffemble fo well, that his parents thought him quite reformed, till his hypocrify was accidentally difcovered.

His father had received a piece of foreign coin, among other monies, which he foon remarked, and put it up in the bureau. This piece fell into Pafcal's hands that very night, and Mr. Dawkins miffing it the next morning, could not but bethink himfelf of Pafcal's former inclinations, and fufpect him. He refolved to fatisfy himfelf that moment, and examining his pockets, found the piece of money that he had

loft,

loft, together with the key, by means of which he had obtained it.

But Pafcal by this time was too big for fuch correction as he had received before, and therefore Mr. Dawkins contented himfelf with feverely upbraiding him for the prefent, and threatening to withdraw the benefits of his affection from him. He confulted a few faithful friends that he had, upon the treatment proper to be fhewn him: their opinion was in general, that the harfheft method of proceeding would moft tend to his amendment, and advifed his being fent to fchool in Yorkfhire, where for years he might not fee his family, but be fubjected to the rigorous difcipline and homely fare peculiar to fuch inftitutions, and of courfe have leifure to repent of his enormity, and be accuftomed to a frugal way of life. This was their counfel; but the combats of paternal love in Mr. Dawkins's bofom, which was very far, as yet, from being quite extinct, would not permit him to purfue their falutary admonition; he inclined to fomething of a gentler nature, and in grief of heart, and as the only moderate method which he could devife

devife to preferve him from deftruction, fent that very day to Briftol for a friend of his, who kept a boarding-fchool, to whofe attention he configned, upon the day of his arrival, this unworthy fon, with directions to let him have no other money than was abfolutely neceffary for his wants. His friend fet off on his return immediately, and Pafcal with him.

This was a precaution; but it came, alas! too late: the youth's principles were utterly corrupted. His tutor's table was plain, though very plentiful; for which reafon Pafcal would go out, and at a tavern gratify his palate with the choiceft wines and viands, for which he eafily got credit, as his hoft took care to make enquiry, firft of all, into his father's circumftances, who, he found, was very rich: nor did he ftop at this; for to fupply that want of money which his tutor would not, he began to play, and practifed every fpecies of deception at a gaming-houfe hard by.

God's providence, as if it interfered particularly to reform him, punifhed all his vices on the fpot. Three gamblers, his companions,

companions, who detected him endeavouring to deceive them with a pack of cards, that he had beforehand sorted for the purpose, fell upon him unawares, and so rough were the effects of their vengeance, that Pascal was almost drubbed to death upon the spot.

He was carried home with scarce the least remains of life, and put to bed. His tutor ran to see him, and afforded all the succour and assistance in his power. He waited till he saw him almost re-established, to impart such counsel as might possibly affect him; which he did with all the softness possible, and pointed out the horrors into which he was plunging himself. Miserable youth! said the tutor, what can have induced you to excesses so disgraceful! You dishonour, by your crimes, a name which the probity of those before you had exalted, and made really respectable. You rob your tender parents of those hopes which they indulged when first they laid the groundwork of your education. When the youth of your acquaintance, who now consecrate that time to study which you consume in scandalous excesses, shall be sought out by

their country and employed in elevated ſtations, you will be conſidered as an abject, dangerous character. You will be baniſhed from all company that have the leaſt regard or value for their honour, and the meaneſt claſs of men will ſcorn you.

Paſcal was at firſt affected with this leſſon. He broke off all commerce with his partners; he was ſatisfied with his preceptor's table-fare; and ſeemed as if beginning to imagine that ſtudy had ſome charms to pleaſe him. But this diſpoſition was ſoon done away, and by degrees he relapſed into his former way of life. He ſold his books; his watch and clothes went afterwards; and he contrived to ſtrip himſelf of his apparel ſo completely, that he could not ſtir abroad.

On which his creditors came all at once upon him, and receiving a refuſal from the tutor to diſcharge the young man's debts and ſatiate their avidity, they wrote letters to the father, threatening to arreſt him if they were not paid. Let Paſcal's ſituation now be imagined. Overwhelmed with the reproaches of his creditors, the indignation of his tutor, the contempt of thoſe who waited on him, and his own remorſe, he had

had moreover to dread the malediction of his parents. He was fenfible that he had fo much neglected to improve his underftanding, that he could not find the leaft refources againft want in any calling or profeffion. He began to think his fituation defperate. A whole day he paffed in his apartment violently agitated; every now and then he wrung his hands, tore his hair, and curfed his vices: but at night, ftill borne away by his depravity, he went from home to fpend the little money that he had left, in a tavern.

Accident that evening threw two men into his company who were employed to raife recruits for India. They remarked upon his countenance the embarraffment with which his foul was agitated, winked to one another, and began to talk of India. They defcribed the beauty of the country, and what pay was given to the foldiery. They fpoke of the advantages that a youth of family might meet with there, and what a probability there was, that fuch a one might make his fortune; nay, they went fo far as to affert that many, to their knowledge, had from private foldiers been made officers, and married wealthy widows.

Paſcal heard this converſation with avidity, joined in the diſcourſe, and enquired if it was difficult to be enliſted with theſe ſoldiers. If you wiſh to enliſt, ſaid they, we can oblige you, though we have more recruits by many than we want; but you, by your appearance, ſeem to claim the preference; and thereupon they offered him five guineas if he would enter.

After ſome ſlight ſtruggles, Paſcal took the guineas, and enliſted. The remainder of the night he ſpent in drinking; and when morning came, was ſent to learn his exerciſe. He found himſelf ſurrounded by a ſet of aukward ruſtics, runaway apprentices, notorious beggars, and convicted thieves, who had enliſted to eſcape the gallows. He was under the tuition of a ſurly corporal, who loaded him from time to time with curſes, and ſeverely caned him, when he could not comprehend his meaning.

Paſcal's miſery went on from day to day encreaſing. All the money that he had lately touched at parting with his freedom, was already gone in riot. He had nothing to ſubſiſt on but the coarſe proviſion granted by the company to keep their new recruits together. Lubberkin, who had been a ſwine-

ſwine-herd, and was then his comrade, was much better off. He had been always uſed to live on oaten bread, and therefore thought himſelf a prince, when he could get a bit of half-baked meat. But what were Paſcal's feelings, when, partaking of ſuch coarſe proviſions, he reflected on the delicacies of his former repaſts!

Some days after came an order for the ſoldiers to embark. Paſcal heard this news with much more ſatisfaction than the people round about him thought he would have teſtified. If once you get to India, ſaid he to himſelf, as you are young, and of a likely figure, you will make your fortune, as a multitude of Engliſhmen have done before you.

In the midſt of all theſe brilliant proſpects, Paſcal went on board the veſſel deſtined to tranſport him and his comrades. He drank down a glaſs or two of brandy at the moment of embarking, and they ſerved to warm his head, and to make him utterly forget his parents. He went off with mad huzzas. But then the joy with which he uttered theſe huzzas, continued hardly longer than the drunkenneſs that cauſed

 them.

them. Thofe on board who were now for the firft time in their life at fea, began to feel a death-like ficknefs. Pafcal, whofe intemperance had hurt his infide much, endured a great deal more than any other. He was feveral days infenfible, and nothing ftaid upon his ftomach. Even the fight of food difgufted him; and when at laft he grew a little better, and was hungry, mouldy peafe, falt beef, and bifcuits full of maggots, were the only victuals that he could procure. When he firft fet fail, the foldiers had a pint of beer each allowed them; but by degrees they were deprived of this indulgence, and compelled to put up with a bare fufficiency of water, and even this they were obliged to ftrain before they could drink it.

After fix long months inceffant fuffering, during all which time they were in fear of continual fhipwreck, they arrived in India, wearied out with watchings for the moft part, and a dreadful fcurvy. Pafcal was marched up the country, with his comrades, to the army: but his heart, embittered by the horror of his fituation, was infenfible of any thing like goodnefs.

His

His abandoned courſe of life, the crimes that he was inceſſantly committing, and his numberleſs deſertions, frequently ſubjected him to puniſhment. He was determined, if he could, to quit theſe regions, watched his opportunity, and ſtealing on board a veſſel bound to England, hid himſelf below till it had ſailed; nor did he quit his hiding-place, till the ſhip was a great way out to ſea: he then came forth, and being brought before the captain, promiſed to work his paſſage to England; which the captain in the end accepted, as the veſſel was in want of men.

What, in the interim, was become of his unhappy parents? They alas! ſtill lived, if people may be ſaid to live whoſe ſad days are ſpent in anguiſh and deſpair. The crimes which their ſon had committed, and with which the neighbourhood all around them rung, had forced them to renounce their place of habitation, and go down and live in Suſſex, in a ſolitary quarter near the ſea.

A ſhort time after they were ſettled here, the ſhip, in which Paſcal was, arrived on that very part of the coaſt where they had

fixed their retirement. For while they were yet a little way out at ſea, Paſcal, a thorough graduate in vice, had conſpired with ten or twelve deſperate fellows of the crew, to murder every one on board who would not join in their conſpiracy, and ſo obtain poſſeſſion of the ſhip. They executed their infernal purpoſe; and ſoon after running the veſſel aſhore, they hoiſted out their boat at night, that they might come on ſhore, and pillage the inhabitants.

That very night the unhappy Mr. Dawkins in his houſe was up, and watching by his wife's ſick bed. Her grief for Paſcal's wretched fortune had long preyed upon her conſtitution; and by this time, after having ſuffered grievouſly, ſhe felt the agonies of death upon her. In the intervals of her delirium, ſhe called out for Paſcal: Where, where are you? ſaid the dying mother—Come, that I may preſs you to my heart, and pardon you before I die. At this inſtant the door was ſuddenly burſt open, and ten villains ruſhed into the dwelling. Paſcal, with a hatchet in his hand, was firſt, and led them on. The father came to meet them with a candle; but before his ſon could

could recollect him——The remainder is too horrid to relate: suffice it, that Pascal and his gang were apprehended on the spot, and suffered at the gallows.

Children, if when you have read this story, you dare think of giving way to any vice whatsoever, tremble at the possibility of your becoming criminal by degrees, and ending, like Pascal, with the crime of parricide!

GEORGE.

LITTLE George was fond of walking in a wood that bordered on his father's garden: Now this wood was formed of little trees, placed very near each other, and two paths conducting through it, crossed each other. One day, as he was sauntering up and down, he wished to rest himself a little, with his back supported by a tree, whose stem was yet quite slender, and which therefore shook thro' all its branches, when his body first touched it. As it

chanced, the ruſtling frighted a poor little bird, which flew out of a neighbouring buſh, and ſoon diſappeared.

George ſaw it fly away, and was vexed. He fixed his eye upon the buſh, to ſee if it would not return: and while he was attentively conſidering it, he thought he ſaw among the branches, at a ſpot where they were twiſted into one another, ſomething like a tuft of hay. His curioſity induced him to draw nearer and examine it. He found this tuft of hay was hollow like a porringer: he thruſt aſide the branches, and ſaw certain little balls within it, of an oval ſhape, and ſpotted. They were placed beſide each other, on a layer of graſs. Surely this, ſaid George, muſt be what I have heard ſome people call a bird's-neſt; and the balls are eggs. They are indeed quite little, but the bird is not ſo big as any of our hens.

It was his firſt deſign to carry away the neſt; however, upon ſecond thoughts, he was contented with one egg; and having taken it, ran home. He met his ſiſter by the way, and thus addreſſed her: "See this little egg. I found it in a neſt; there

were five others with it." "Let me have it in my hand;" ſaid George's ſiſter. She examined it, returned it to her brother, and then aſked a ſecond time to have it. In the end, they rolled it up and down a table, juſt as if it were a ball. One ſhoved it one way, and the other puſhed it another way, till, in the midſt of their diverſion, it fell down and broke. They cried, and mutually accuſed each other as the cauſe of ſuch a great misfortune.

As it chanced, their mother heard them thus complaining; and not knowing why they wept, approached to conſole them. Both began at once. She heard their different ſtories, and then taking each affectionately by the hand, conducted them to a tree that overſhadowed a green bank, on which ſhe bid them both ſit down.

Be comforted, dear children, ſaid ſhe. That you have broke the egg between you both, is truly a misfortune; but it is one, however, that ſhould not much grieve you, ſince you did not mean to do ſo. I might notwithſtanding blame you, George, with juſtice, for the act of having brought it from the neſt. You muſt have ſeen hen's

eggs difpofed of in a fort of neft. The mother fits upon them, warms and animates them. Chickens in about three weeks are formed within them, and they pierce the fhell. In fome few days, they come and feed out of your hand. This egg would alfo have become a fort of chick, which you have killed by bringing it away. The bird that flew out of the bufh as you inform me, was the mother. Doubtlefs fhe will come again, and very fhortly, to her neft: fhe will perceive that one egg is wanting, and perhaps forfake it altogether. This is frequently the cafe.

Perhaps this lofs of but a fingle egg, informs them that their afylum is difcovered; they have every thing to fear from our violence; they guefs that when their little ones are hatched, he who has already robbed them, will return and feize upon their tender family. If then this neft which you have been thus robbing, as I muft call it, fhould be totally abandoned,—tell me, would you not be forry for it?

Yes, mama, indeed, replied little George; and I am forry that I meddled with the egg; but then I did not know a fyllable of

of what you have been telling us; and thought no harm in bringing it to ſhew my ſiſter, which is all that I meant to do.

My little fellow, I can eaſily believe you, ſaid the mother. Should you do bad actions for the pleaſure which ſome ſuppoſe there is in doing them, you would in that caſe have a very wicked heart, and I ſhould be quite ſorry that I had ſuch a ſon: but that I do not fear; for, on the contrary, I know you to be a very good boy.

Mama, ſaid the little girl, the neſt, for I have ſeen it, out of which my brother took this egg, does not reſemble in the leaſt thoſe ſwallows neſts that we ſee about our out-houſe roof. My dear child, ſaid the mother, every neſt is not alike; nor yet is every bird alike; for ſome are great, and others little. Some are never known to perch on trees, and others live at all times in them. Some are large and ſtupid, others ſmall and full of induſtry and cunning. Some are beautiful beyond deſcription in their plumage, which has half a dozen colours; others are of one dull colour. Some ſubſiſt on fruits, ſome go in queſt of in-

ſects,

ſects, and a multitude of others ſeize on ſmaller birds, and eat them.

Ah the wicked creatures! cried the little girl. I do not love theſe laſt, and ſhould be glad to ſpoil their neſts. So too would many others, ſaid her mama; and therefore thoſe great birds that conſtantly devour the leſs, conſtruct their neſts in places where they cannot eaſily be come at; as for inſtance in woods, and in the holes of rocks, where men appear but very ſeldom; and at heights beyond our reach, however ſkilful we may be in climbing.

Therefore, deareſt children, ſince theſe birds are greatly different from each other, not only in ſize, but alſo in their way of life, and in the colour of their feathers, it is but reaſonable that they ſhould have neſts different alſo from each other. Thus the lark which never lives in any tree, but ſings, as you have heard her, mounting in the air; conſtructs her neſt upon the ground; the ſwallow builds about the roofs of houſes, under what we call the eaves; the owl, which people only hear by night, ſeeks out old ruinous buildings, or ſome hollow tree to put her eggs in; and the eagle which I

ſhewed

ſhewed you yeſterday flying about the clouds and nearly out of ſight, brings forth her young ones in the cliffs of craggy rocks. Thoſe that live round about us, make their neſts in trees and hedges. Thoſe that love the water, and who find their food therein, build theirs among thoſe ruſhes that grow near it, upon little iſlands, and at times upon the ſhore itſelf.

If one of theſe fine days we go into the little valley at the bottom of our large meadow, we ſhall ſee a number of theſe little creatures buſy in ſelecting the materials they compoſe their neſts of. One you will obſerve employed in carrying off a wheaten ſtraw; another will have in his beak ſome wool or feathers; or dried leaves; and very probably a third, ſome moſs. The ſwallow, by the border of a ſtream, you will take notice, moiſtens with the water which he takes up in his beak, a little bit of earth with which he builds his habitation. Such materials as are very coarſe and ſolid, he will take to form the outſide of his neſt, but lines it with the ſofteſt and the warmeſt. Nay, there are ſome birds who pull

out

out their own feathers to make up a more comfortable bed for their little ones.

They conſtruct large neſts, or ſmall ones, in proportion to the number of young birds that they are to hatch within them. Some will hang their neſts up by a ſort of thread, which thread they have the ſkill to form of flax, of different ſorts of weeds, and of the webs of ſpiders. Others place it in the middle of a ſoft and gluey ſubſtance, whereunto they carefully ſtick many feathers. All do every thing in their power to make it ſtrong and ſolid, and ſecure themſelves from every enemy that inſtinct bids them fear, by reſorting to retired and ſolitary places.

There they lay their eggs. The mother, and at times the father, ſits upon them in the neſt, with admirable perſeverance. They are taught by nature, that the warmth proceeding from their body, when they ſit upon theſe eggs, puts every thing within them into motion, and produces little creatures, which at laſt are ſtrong enough to break the ſhell that holds them, and come forth.

You

You muſt have often ſeen a fly in winter, to appearance dead. You took it in your hands, and through the warmth proceeding from them, it was brought to life. It is nearly thus with birds: the perſeverance of the parents, when they brood upon their eggs, converts them into living creatures.

When the mother ſits alone, the cock will bring her victuals, and ſit by to pleaſe her with his muſic. When the little ones are once alive, they help them to get clear of their confinement in the egg. Their diligence is now redoubled; they do every thing to nouriſh and defend them, and are conſtantly employed in this intereſting office. They go very far indeed to get their food, and make an equal diſtribution of it, every one receiving in its turn what they have brought. As long as they are very young and helpleſs, they contrive to bring them victuals ſuited to their delicacy; but when once they are grown ſtrong and older, they provide them food more ſolid.

There is one, and that a very large one, called a *pelican*, who being forced to go great diſtances in queſt of victuals for her young,

young ones, is provided with a ſort of bag. She fills it with ſuch aliments as ſhe is ſenſible they love: ſhe warms what ſhe procures, and renders it by ſuch means fitter for their tender ſtomachs: ſhe returns, and empties it before them.

In this ſtate of being parents, they appear as if forgetting that they want food themſelves, and only think upon their little family. If either rain or tempeſts come, they hurry to their neſts, and cover it as well as they are able with their outſtretched wings, ſo keeping out the wind and water that might hurt the brood. All night too, they are buſy in the work of cheriſhing the little things. The fearfulleſt among them, that will fly away if they but hear the ſlighteſt noiſe, and tremble at the leaſt degree of danger, know not what fear is when they have once a family to protect, but become courageous and intrepid: as for inſtance, the common hen. As great a coward as ſhe is when by herſelf, ſhe grows a very heroine, a pattern of courage, when ſhe has young ones to defend from danger. She attacks the greateſt dog, and

will

will not even fear a man, who ſhould attempt to take them from her.

So too do the little birds endeavour to defend their young, when any one would ſteal or hurt them. They will flutter round the neſt, will ſeem to call out for aſſiſtance, will attack the invader, and purſue him. If their young be ſhut within a cage, they will continue to come regularly, and at all times feed them. Frequently the mother will prefer confinement with them, rather than be freed from the neceſſity of tending on them, and will never quit the little creatures.

Poor dear birds! cried out the children, how we ſhall love you for the future! We will never be ſo cruel as to do you any harm. We will only look at your neſts; and be contented to gaze on you, while employed in the delightful taſk of tending on your young, and to contemplate your little family, all flying round their parents.—Yes, dear children, ſaid the mother, thus it ſhould be. Keep your reſolution as you ought, and I ſhall love you for it. Never injure any creature, or occaſion it the leaſt degree of pain for pleaſure's

ſure's ſake: on ſaying which, the mother went in doors, embracing her dear children, who were highly pleaſed with what they had juſt learnt.

JAMES.

A Merchant, whom we ſhall here call James, had but a ſingle ſon, whom he loved very tenderly. He was far from having a bad heart, his countenance was rather pretty, and his friends would all have been very fond of him, but that he ſhewed in every action, a covetous propenſity which ſhocked as many as had opportunities of knowing him. This covetouſneſs made him violently wiſh for every thing poſſeſſed by others. It even wrought upon him to ſo great a pitch, that he would conſtantly refuſe to ſhare among his play-mates, or even ſhew them what he had himſelf. His father, who was a man of very amiable character, wiſhed greatly to reform him of this fault, but never had been able. All that

that he could do, was to ſhew how much it grieved him.

Little James, however, loſt a great deal more by his propenſity to avarice, than he had ever gained thereby. Did any body give him ſweetmeats? He would get away and ſwallow them like a churl, in ſome dark corner of the houſe, leſt any one ſhould aſk a part. Whilſt he was hid, his father would give twice as much to his companions: he perceived it, and no longer hid himſelf; but as ſoon as he fixed his eye on ſweetmeats, or nice things, he appeared as if he would devour them: he purſued the hands of thoſe who held them, and his own were in a ſort of convulſion.

Mr. James, as we have ſaid before, was very much afflicted in perceiving this; and that he might not be afflicted further than was abſolutely neceſſary, he ceaſed to give him any nice things, or even have them in the houſe.

Had little James a wind-mill, boat, or other play-thing, he would never ſhew it: he concealed himſelf in the enjoyment of it, and was never happy. Or, ſuppoſing he had any ſort of fruit, he would not ſhare it

with

with his play-fellows, but devour it all alone, refuſing even thoſe whom he happened to love moſt, and ſuch as might be hungry; therefore none among them would in turn ſhare any thing with him: they were indeed beſt pleaſed to leave his company; they never wiſhed to have it. When he chanced to be in a quarrel, no one took his part, not even when they knew him in the right; but being in the wrong, all joined againſt him.

As it chanced, one day a little boy obſerved him with an apple in his hand, and gave him by ſurpriſe a knock upon the elbow, ſo that he was forced to let the apple go. He picked it up, however; but that moment, to avenge himſelf upon the boy that had contrived to play him ſuch a trick, he ſet off to catch him, but in running fell into a ſlough, and was almoſt ſuffocated in the mud. He did his utmoſt to get out, but could not: he attempted, but without ſucceeding, to prevail upon his playmates to hold out their hands and help him; he obſerved that they only laughed at his diſtreſs, and, in deriſion, danced about the ſlough, from which he could not extricate

himſelf.

himſelf. Their cry was, "Let *him* now hold out a hand to whom you have been generous! Aſk aſſiſtance of thoſe whom you have obliged!" However, at length, one, more compaſſionate, came forward, and approaching where he ſtood, ſtretched forth his hand, and got him out in ſafety.—— He ſhook off the mud that covered him, and then, to ſhew his gratitude to that good little boy who had delivered him, bit off about a quarter from the apple which had cauſed this ſad diſaſter, and which ſtill he held faſt in his hand, and would fain have made him take it.

The good little boy, diſguſted with the gift, and way of giving, took the morſel, but to fling it in his face; and this was, as it were, a ſignal for the reſt to ſcout him. They purſued our little James quite home, and hallooed all the way.

He was not void of feeling, and had never yet been hooted: he was therefore thrown into a thinking humour, and did not afterwards come much into his father's preſence, but confined himſelf to his apartment for above ten days together. There he aſked himſelf, what cauſe

his

his playmates had to hate him. He addressed himself as follows: "For what reason has my little neighbour, he that even held me out his hand when I was in the mire, such a number of good friends? Why is he loved so much, while I have not a single little boy that will seek my company, nor be my friend, nor console me in affliction?"—He discovered very soon the reason, by comparing the good boy's behaviour with his own. He recollected that he was happy to do any one a pleasure; that whenever he had any fruit, confectionary, or the like, he felt more joy in sharing it with his companion, than in eating it himself, and had no sort of amusement which he did not wish all his little acquaintances to share. He saw plainly, on this view of things, how much he differed from this little boy in disposition. He resolved at last to imitate him, and went out next day with both his pockets full of fruit, ran up to every boy that he met, and gave him some: he could not all at once, however, give up *self*, but left a little in his pocket, which he eat in private when got home.

Although

Although his liberality was not perfect, he found occaſion to be ſatisfied with the effect of it, ſince his companions now, on their part, were more generous to him: they ſhewed themſelves more merry in his company; they took him as a partner in their little paſtimes; they divided with him what they had, and he went home quite pleaſed.

Upon the morrow he did ſtill a great deal better. When he met his little friends, he did not fail to pull out of his pocket every thing that he had, divided it into as many ſhares as there were mouths to eat it, and reſerved a ſhare no more than equal for himſelf. Indeed, if there was any difference, ſome thought that he took the leaſt, and he was much more ſatisfied that day than the preceding.

By degrees he was habituated to be generous, and even to ſuch as he could ſee had nothing in return to give: I mean to ſuch as were in want. Of courſe he was beloved: whenever his companions ſaw him, they ran up to meet him with the greateſt joy upon their countenances; they

were glad to give him pleaſure. In ſhort, he was now quite happy.

Such a change could not eſcape his father's obſervation, and it gave him real ſatisfaction. He affectionately took him in his arms, refuſed him nothing for the time to come, and even ſought occaſions to delight him. Every day little James diſcerned, that to be happy, it was abſolutely neceſſary that he ſhould not deſire a ſolitary happineſs, but wiſh to make thoſe round about him happy likewiſe.

Cook sc.

The Fire

THE FIRE.

A DRAMA, in ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

MR. and MRS. CRESWELL.
ADRIAN, } *their Children.*
JULIA, }
TRUEMAN, - *a Farmer.*
JANE, - *his Wife.*
LUBBIN, } *their Children.*
SUKEY, }
GILBERT, - *Mr. Creſwell's Groom.*

SCENE. *The entrance of a village, in the environs of London, in a part of which, contiguous to the fields, appears a fire. On one ſide is a farm-houſe with a pump, and on the other ſide a hill.*

SCENE I.

Adrian, (running by a path that conducts round the hill. His clothes and hair out of order. He looks back and ſees the fire burſt forth with double fury.)

O Heaven! O Heaven! all burning ſtill! What volumes of thick ſmoke and flame! What is now become of my

papa, mama, and ſiſter? Am I an unhappy orphan? Heaven take pity on me, and let them be ſafe; for they are more to me than all the world beſide—Without them what ſhould I do? (*Oppreſſed with grief and wearineſs, he leans againſt a tree. The farm-houſe door now opens, and the little peaſant Lubbin, who has his breakfaſt in his hand, comes out.*)

Lubbin, (*without obſerving Adrian.*) So it does not finiſh then, this fire? What could poſſeſs my father to go poking with his horſes, juſt into the middle of it! But the ſun is now riſing. He will ſoon be back. I will ſit down here, and wait till he returns.

(*He goes to ſit down by the tree, and ſees little Adrian.*) Hey! hey! who is here? a fine young gentleman! what brings you out ſo early, my pretty maſter?

Adrian. Ah! my little friend, I neither know at preſent where I am, nor whither I am going.

Lubbin. How! mayhap you live in town? and very likely where the fire is?

Adrian. Yes, indeed, I have eſcaped I cannot well tell you in what manner.

Lubbin.

Lubbin. Is it your houſe that is on fire?

Adrian. It was in our ſtreet that the fire broke out. I was in bed, and ſleeping very ſoundly. My papa ran up to ſnatch me out of bed: the ſervants dreſſed me in a hurry, and one carried me directly through the fire, which blazed all round us as we went forward.

Lubbin. Poor dear little fellow!

(*Somebody from the houſe cries out,* Lubbin! Lubbin! *But Lubbin is liſtening to little Adrian, with ſo much attention, that he does not hear it.*)

SCENE II.

Adrian, Lubbin, Jane, Sukey.

Jane, (*to Sukey, at the entrance.*) I hope, he is not gone away, to ſee the fire: I think, it is enough to be terrified for his father's danger.

Sukey. No, no, mother: here he is. Ah! ha! he is ſpeaking to a little gentleman.

Jane, (*to Lubbin.*) Why did not you anſwer, when I called you?

Lubbin. Have you been calling me? I

 did

did not hear you. I was liftening to this poor boy here.

Sukey. Poor! What has happened to him?

Lubbin. He was like to have been burnt alive. His houfe was all in flames, he tells me, when they got him out.

Jane. How pale the poor child is! And how did they contrive to fave you, my little mafter?

Adrian. Our helper was bid to take me to the village where I had been nurfed; fo he put me on his fhoulders; but they ftopped him in the ftreet, wanting hands to work. I fell a crying, when I faw myfelf alone; at which, a good old woman took me by the hand, and brought me out of town, directing me to walk ftrait forward, till I faw a village; fo I followed her advice, and here I am.

Jane. And can you tell me what your nurfe's name was?

Adrian. No, not now; but I can recollect I ufed to call my little fofter-fifter, Sukey.

Sukey, (earneftly.) If this little boy fhould be Adrian, mother!

Adrian. Yes! yes! that is my name!

Jane. What, Adrian, Mr. Crefwell's fon?

Adrian. O, my good dear nurfe! I recollect you now. And this is Sukey, and this, Lubbin. (*They embrace each other.*)

Jane, (*kiffing Adrian.*) How happy am I now! I thought of nothing but my poor dear little Adrian, fince this fire began. My hufband is gone to give you all the affiftance that he can.——But how tall he is grown! fhould you have recollected him! I think not, Sukey.

Sukey. Not immediately, indeed; but when I faw him firft, methought I felt my heart beat towards him. It is a long time now fince we were laft together.

Adrian. I have been a great way off, at fchool, and came only three days fince, for the holidays. Had I remained at fchool, I fhould, at leaft at prefent, have known nothing of this day's misfortune. O, papa! mama! O fifter!

Jane. Poor dear child! there is no caufe to make yourfelf uneafy. On the firft alarm of fire, fo near your quarter of the town, my hufband inftantly fet out, to fee if he could be of any ufe. I know him. Your

papa, mama, and ſiſter, will be ſafe, if mortal man can ſave them. But, my lovely Adrian, you have been up and running theſe two hours at leaſt, and muſt be hungry. Will you eat a little?

Lubbin. Look ye, maſter, here is a Yorkſhire cake and butter. Take it!

Adrian. Maſter! You were uſed to call me Adrian, and not maſter.

Lubbin, (*embracing him.*) Well then, Adrian, take my breakfaſt.

Sukey. Or ſtay, Adrian, you muſt certainly be dry as well as hungry. I will go fetch my milk porridge. I was putting in the bread——.

Adrian. No, no, my good friends. I cannot have any appetite, till I ſee my dear papa, mama, and ſiſter. I will return and ſeek them.

Jane. Do you think of what you are ſaying? Run into the flames!

Adrian. I left them in the flames; but it was againſt my will. I did not like to part with them, but my papa would have it ſo: he threatened me, and in an angry tone bid Gilbert pay no heed to my reſiſtance. I was forced at laſt to yield, for fear of putting

putting him into a greater paſſion. I cannot hold out any longer, but, whatever be the danger, I muſt go back to find if they are in ſafety.

Jane. I cannot let you go, that is certain. Come into the houſe with us.

Adrian. You have a houſe then. Alas! I have none.

Jane. And is not our houſe yours? I fed you with my milk, and ſurely then I cannot deny you bread. (*She forces him in, and ſays to Lubbin*) Take care, and ſtay you here, that you may ſee your father the ſooner, and let us know of his coming.—But do not run to ſee the fire. Remember, I forbid you that.

Lubbin, (*alone.*) And yet I have half a mind to do ſo. What a charming bonfire it muſt make! I do not ſee clearly, but I think that ſteeple is down, that had the golden dragon on the top. There is many a poor ſoul, by this, burnt out of houſe and home! I pity them, and yet they muſt not hinder me from finiſhing my breakfaſt.—(*To Sukey, who re-enters with a tumbler.*) Well now, ſiſter, you are a dear good girl, indeed, to bring me drink ſo kindly.

Sukey. Oh! it is not for you. I am come to get a glafs of water for poor Adrian. He will have neither milk, nor ale, nor wine. "My dear papa, (fays he,) mama, and fifter, very likely, are at prefent dry and hungry, and fhall I have fuch nice things? No, no, indeed: let me have therefore nothing but a little water; that will ferve me well enough, efpecially as I am fo thirfty."

Lubbin. I muft own, however, it is fomething comical, that Adrian fhould refufe a drop of any thing that is good, becaufe he cannot get tidings of his parents.

Sukey. Oh! I know you well enough! Your fifter might be burnt alive, and you not eat a mouthful lefs on that account. For my part, I fhould be like Adrian: I fhould hardly think of eating, if our houfe were fet on fire, and no one could inform me what had happened to my father, mother, or even brother.

Lubbin. No, nor I—provided I were not hungry.

Sukey. Can one then be hungry in fuch a cafe? Look ye, Lubbin, I have not the leaft degree of appetite. To fee poor Adrian

weep,

weep, and take on ſo, has made me quite forget my hunger.

Lubbin. So you won't eat your milk-porridge this morning?

Sukey. What, do you want it, after having ſwallowed your own breakfaſt, with Yorkſhire cake into the bargain?

Lubbin. No; I would only take your breakfaſt, that, if neither you nor Adrian wiſhed to have it, nothing might be loſt; that is all. But let me have the tumbler: I have not drunk any thing yet.

Sukey, (giving him the tumbler.) Make haſte then! Adrian is very dry.

Lubbin, (after drinking.) Stay, ſtay, I will fill it for him.

Sukey. Without rincing it?

Lubbin. Do you ſuppoſe then that I have poiſon in my mouth?

Sukey. Very proper, truly, with the crumbs about the rim! I will rince it out myſelf. Young gentlemen are uſed to cleanlineſs, and I ſhould wiſh to let him ſee as much propriety and neatneſs in our cottage, as at home. *(She rinces the tumbler, fills it up, and then goes out.)*

Lubbin, (*alone.*) So, there is my breakfaſt done. Suppoſe now that I ſhould run to town, and ſee the fire. I ſhall not be miſſed if I ſet out, ſtay there but half an hour or ſo, and then come back: it is nothing but a good ſound ſcolding from my mother. However, I will go a little way, and then determine. It is not more than twelve or thirteen minutes walk before I am there.—Come, come; faint heart, the proverb tells us, never won fair lady. (*He ſets off, but meets his father.*)

SCENE III.

Lubbin, Trueman, (with a cheſt upon his ſhoulders, tired and out of breath.)

Lubbin. What, you are come back, father? I was going on a little way to meet you.

Trueman, (*with anxiety.*) Were you? And is Adrian here?

Lubbin. Yes, yes; not long ago arrived.

Trueman, (*putting down the cheſt.*) Thank God! then the whole family are ſafe. (*He ſits down upon the cheſt.*) Let me take breath a little.

Lubbin.

Lubbin. Won't you come in, father?

Trueman. No, no; I will remain here in the open air, till I am recovered from my hurry. Go, and tell your mother that I am returned.

Trueman, (*alone, wiping his face.*) I ſhall not die then, without having, in my turn, obliged my benefactor.

SCENE IV.

Trueman, Jane, Adrian, Lubbin, Sukey,

Jane, (*running from the farm-houſe, and embracing Trueman.*) Ah, my dear! what joy to ſee you come back ſafe!

Trueman, (*embracing Jane in return.*) My life! But Adrian, where is he, pray? Let me ſee him.

Adrian, (*running up.*) Here I am. Here, here, father! (*Looking round about him.*) But what, are you alone? Where is my papa, mama, and little ſiſter?

Trueman. Safe, my child; quite ſafe.—Embrace me!

Adrian, (*jumping up into his arms.*) O what joy!

Jane. We have been all in very great perplexity. Our neighbours are come back already.

Trueman. They had not their benefactor to preserve, as I had.

Jane. But the fire, dear Thomas, is it out, and all the mischief over?

Trueman. Over, Jane! the whole street is in flames. If you could only see the ruins, and the multitude of people! Women with their hair about their ears, all running to and fro, and calling out to find their husbands and poor children; to which add the sound of bells, the noise of carts and engines, with the crush of houses when the timbers are burnt through, the frightened horses, and the throng of people driving full against you. I cannot tell you how I made my way amidst the flames that crossed before me, and the burning beams that seemed ready every moment to fall down and crush me.

Jane. Bless us! you make my blood run cold.

Sukey. See, see, mother, how his hair and eye-brows are all singed!

Trueman. And see my arm too. But why

why ſhould I complain? Could I have only got away with life, I ſhould not have mattered loſing a limb for Mr. Creſwell.

Jane. How, my dear, a limb?

Trueman. What, wife, to ſave our benefactor? Was it not through his means that we both came together? Are we not indebted to his generoſity, not only for this farm, but for every thing? And what is ſtill more, my dear, was it not your milk that reared his weakly child, now ſo ſtrong and hearty? (*Adrian clings to Jane.*) Did I ſay that I ſhould not have mattered loſing a limb for Mr. Creſwell?——I ſay more; I would have given my life to ſave him.

Jane. Then you have been able to aſſiſt him?

Trueman. Yes, I have that happineſs to boaſt. He himſelf, his lady, and his daughter, had ſcarce got out of their houſe, as they ſuppoſed in ſafety, when a half-burnt beam fell down into the ſtreet before them. Happily, I was not ten yards off: the people fancied that they were cruſhed beneath its weight, and ran away. I heard their cries, came back, and ruſhing through the burning ruins, brought them off. I

had already ſaved this cheſt that you ſee here, and my cart, beſides, is loaded with the greateſt part of their moſt valuable furniture.

Adrian. Be ſure, my father will moſt richly recompenſe you.

Trueman. I am recompenſed already, my dear little friend! Your father did not perhaps expect ſuch a ſervice at my hands, and I have ſaved him. In that thought, I am much better paid than in receiving any recompenſe. But this is not the whole: I dare ſay he will be here preſently, and all his family and people.

Adrian. What then, ſhall I ſee them ſoon?

Trueman. Yes, my Adrian. But run, wife, and make a little preparation to receive them: let ſome ale be drawn, and have the cows milked inſtantly. Air ſheets to put on all our beds; and as for us, we will take up our lodging in the ſtable.

Jane. Be it ſo. I will play my part, I warrant you.

SCENE V.

Trueman, Adrian, Lubbin, Sukey.

Trueman. And I will go put the hay up in ſome kind of order in the barn, and make a little room for thoſe who may come hither requiring ſome ſhelter. All the fields, alas! are covered with them; I imagine, I ſtill ſee them! ſome ſtruck ſpeechleſs, gaze with abſolute inſenſibility, while they behold their houſes burning, or elſe fall down on the ground, fatigued and frightened! others run along like madmen, wring their hands, or pull their hair up by the roots, and uttering fearful cries, attempt to force their paſſage through a line of ſoldiers, who with bayonets keep them off, that they may ſave the property of the ſufferers from being plundered.

Sukey. O my poor dear Adrian! had you been there, they would have trod you under foot.

Trueman. As ſoon as they bring back my horſes, I will go out again, and take up all the children, women, and old men that I meet.

meet. Had I been the pooreſt perſon in the village, this misfortune would have rendered me the richeſt; ſince the unhappy whom I ſhall ſuccour will belong to me. (*He ſtoops to take the cheſt up.*)

Lubbin. Dear father, let me help you.

Trueman. No, no: have a care! it is far too heavy for your ſtrength. Go rather, and bid Humphry heat the oven, and put all our kitchen things in order; and let Carter know that I want ſome flour ſent in: theſe miſerable people who are burnt out of their habitations ſhall at leaſt find wherewithal to ſatisfy their wants! Thank God! I am not ſo poor, that any one applying to my charity ſhould die for want of food. If I had nothing elſe, I would give them my laſt bit of bread. (*He and Lubbin go out.*)

SCENE VI.

Adrian, Sukey.

Sukey. Oh! *that* I would ſhare with you too, Adrian. Who, alas! would have ſuppoſed that I ſhould have ever ſeen you in your preſent ſituation?

Adrian.

Adrian. Who indeed, my deareſt Sukey? for it is very hard in one night to loſe every thing.

Sukey. Be comforted, however, my dear friend! for do not you recollect how happy we were once together here, when we were leſs a great deal than at preſent. Well, we will be as happy with each other again. Do you fear that you can want any thing, as long as I have any thing to give you?

Adrian, (*taking Sukey by the hand.*) No, I do not indeed: but then, I thought, it would have been my part to make you happy, to get you a good huſband, as papa has often ſaid in joke, and to take care of your children, like my own.

Sukey. Well, now I muſt contrive to do all this myſelf; and when we love each other, it is exactly the ſame thing. I will get you all the fineſt flowers that I can make free to pull in our garden, and whatever fruit they will let me gather. You ſhall alſo have my bed, and I will ſleep all night long upon the ground beſide you.

Adrian, (*embracing her.*) O my dear, dear Sukey! how ought I to love you!

Sukey. You ſhall ſee likewiſe what care I

will

will take of Julia. I will be always with you both. We drank, you know, the ſame milk; and is not that all the ſame as if you were my brother, pray, and I your ſiſter?

Adrian. Yes, and you ſhall always be my ſiſter, and I do not know which of the two I ſhall love beſt for the future, you or Julia. I will preſent you alſo to papa, that you may be his daughter: but when, think you, will he come?

Sukey. Why ſhould you make yourſelf uneaſy? You have been told that he is ſafe.

Adrian. But my father is juſt like yours; and who can tell but he will go back again into the flames to ſave ſome friend or other. I muſt therefore be uneaſy till I ſee him once again. But hark ye! do not I hear a tread on the other ſide of the hill? Oh! if it were he!

SCENE VII.

Adrian, Sukey, Gilbert.

Adrian. Ah, Gilbert!

Gilbert. Ah, my little maſter! you are ſafe then?

Adrian.

Adrian. Truly, there is great need to talk about my ſafety! Where is papa, mama, and Julia? Are they with you?

Gilbert, (not knowing what to ſay.) With me?

Adrian. Yes; you have not left them behind, ſure?

Gilbert. Behind? (*Turning about.*) They are not behind me.

Adrian. They are not come with you, then?

Gilbert. Unleſs they be here, I do not know where they are.

Adrian, (impatiently.) You do not come here to ſeek them? do you?

Gilbert, (in confuſion.) Do not be frightened, my dear little maſter!—Are they not come hither?

Sukey. None but Adrian.

Adrian. He is confounded, and has ſome bad news to tell me!—They are loſt, even after all the pains that honeſt Trueman took to ſave them!

Gilbert. Hear me.—There is no cauſe, at leaſt I hope not, to alarm yourſelf. About an hour or forty minutes after they had forced me from you to aſſiſt the ſufferers, I

found

found means to get into the crowd.—Dear Maſter Adrian, do not be frightened; but ſo it is indeed.—I ran about the ruins to diſcover where my maſter was, but could not come at any tidings of him; no, nor of my miſtreſs, nor Miſs Julia. I enquired of every one that I met, if they had heard of ſuch a family? but conſtantly was anſwered, No.

Adrian. O Heaven! take pity on me! Dear papa, mama, and Julia, where, where are you? Periſhed, doubtleſs!

Gilbert. I have not told you all yet; but pray do not be frightened.—The worſt part of the affair comes now.

Adrian. What is it then? Why do not you tell me, Gilbert?

Gilbert. How, in Heaven's name, would you have me tell you, if you let yourſelf be frightened in this manner?

Adrian. Speak! pray Gilbert, ſpeak!

Gilbert. Well then, the rumour was as follows: that a gentleman, a lady, and a little girl, were cruſhed to death, when they were juſt out of doors, and thought themſelves in ſafety. (*Adrian ſwoons away.*)

Sukey. Help! help! help! Come here

to

to our affiftance, fome one! Adrian is dying. (*She falls down by him.*)

Gilbert. Why, what ails him? I mentioned this but as a report; and befides, they could not tell me who it was. It may be nothing, after all.

Sukey. Why, how you talk! His fright at what you mentioned overcame him, and he quite forgot that my father had preferved them.

Gilbert, (feeling Adrian's cheek.) O my poor dear little Adrian! he is as cold as any ice!

Sukey, (half getting up.) And what could bring you here? It is you that have killed him?

Gilbert. I?—And yet, I am fure, you heard me bid him not be frightened. (*He raifes him a little.*) Mafter Adrian! (*He lets him fall again.*

Sukey. How you go to work!—Do not touch him any more.—He will die, if he is not dead already, with fuch treatment! O my dear, dear brother Adrian!—Father! mother! Lubbin!—Why, where can they all be? (*She runs in for help.*)

Gilbert, (leaning over Adrian.) No, no, he

he is not dead: he breathes a little. Were he dead, I would go and fling myfelf this moment into fome pond.—(*He calls out*) Adrian! Mafter Adrian!—If I knew but how to bring him to himfelf!—(*He blows on Adrian's face.*) This blowing tries my lungs!—It was very foolifh, I muft own, in me, to tell him what I did; but much more fo in him to pay attention to it: and particularly when I bid him not be frightened.—Could I poffibly fpeak plainer?—Adrian! Adrian!—He does not hear me.—When my dear wife died, I took on very fadly for her; but to die on that account, would have been very filly!—Adrian! Adrian!—What had I beft do? He does not feem as if he would recover. O, I fee a pump—I will go and fill my hat with water—Half a dozen fprinklings very poffibly may have good effect upon him. (*As he is coming back to Adrian, Mr. Crefwell enters, leading in Mrs. Crefwell and Julia. Gilbert drops his hat, and runs away.*)

Gilbert. Heaven forgive me! Should he find him dead, I do not know what he will do! For my part, I am dead with fear already.

Mr.

Mr. Creſwell. Was not that our Gilbert?—Gilbert, what is the matter? Where is Adrian?

Mrs. Creſwell. Sure he ran away, as if afraid of meeting with us. Where can he he have left him?

Julia, (ſeeing Adrian on the ground.) What is this here? A child! (*Stooping down.*) O Heaven! my brother! and he is dead!

Mrs. Creſwell, (falling down by Adrian.) How, Julia! Adrian?—Yes, indeed! help! help!

Mr. Creſwell. Was this misfortune wanting after all? (*Examining the body.*) But he is not dead! Thank Heaven, we are better off than that.—He breathes a little.—My dear life, (*to Mrs. Creſwell,*) as Adrian needs aſſiſtance, keep your ſtrength that he may have it.

Mrs. Creſwell, (nearly ſwooning.) Adrian! Adrian!

Julia. Ah! my poor dear brother! Would to Heaven the flames had rather taken all from us! (*Mr. Creſwell raiſes Mrs. Creſwell, and brings Adrian to her.*)

Mr. Creſwell. There is no time to loſe. —Have you your ſalts about you?

Mrs. Creſwell. I cannot tell, I am in ſo great an agitation. After ſo much fear and fright, here is one ſtill greater. I would part with all that is left us for a draught of water. (*Mr. Creſwell ſees the pump, and haſtens to it.*)

Julia, (feeling in her mother's pocket.) Here is your ſal volatile, mama. (*While the ſalts are uſing.*) Hear, hear, hear me, Adrian, and look up! or I ſhall die with grief. (*He comes a little to himſelf.*) O heavens, he breathes! (*She runs to her papa.*) Come, come, papa! come quickly! come and ſee him. (*Mr. Creſwell brings a little water in the hollow of his hand, and throws it on his face.*)

Adrian, (ſighing bitterly.) Oh! oh! papa; papa!

Mr. Creſwell. He ſuppoſes I am dead. That blockhead Gilbert muſt have frightened him.

Julia, (in tranſport.) See! ſee! his eyes begin to open!

Mr. Creſwell. My dear child, do not you know us?

Mrs. Creſwell. Adrian! Adrian!

Julia. Brother!

Adrian,

Adrian, (looking round him.) Am I dead or living? or where am I? *(He ſits up in Mrs. Creſwell's lap.)* Ah! my dear mama!

Mrs. Creſwell. My child! and have we brought you back to life?

Adrian, (turning to his father.) Papa too!

Julia, (embracing him.) My dear Adrian! my ſweet brother! I am alive again, now you are.

Adrian. Oh! what joy to ſee you thus again, dear ſiſter! *(He turns to his mother.)* It was your ſweet voice, mama, that brought me back to life.

Mr. Creſwell, (to Mrs. Creſwell.) My dear, I was lamenting our misfortune juſt before; but now I find that there was a great deal more to be loſt, than goods and ſuch things.

Mrs. Creſwell. Let us not think a moment more about them.

Mr. Creſwell. Nay, rather we ſhould rejoice that they are in reality ſo trifling. I behold you all three ſafe, and can have nothing to diſturb me.

Julia. But brother, what brought you into ſuch a ſituation?

Adrian. Would you think it?—Gilbert.

Mr. Crefwell. There, I faid fo.

Adrian. Why, he told me that you had all three perifhed in the flames.

Julia, (looking towards the hill.) Ah! there he is, papa; above there. *(They all look up, and Gilbert draws his head in.)*

Mr. Crefwell. Gilbert! Gilbert!—He's afraid to anfwer *me*; fo do you call him, Adrian.

Adrian. Gilbert!—Do not be fearful, but come down and fhow yourfelf.—I am alive.

Gilbert, (on the hill.) Are you fure of that?

Adrian. I think fo. Did you ever hear a dead man fpeak?

Gilbert, (coming down, but ftopping on a fudden.) You do not intend, I hope, fir, to difcharge me. If you do, I need not be at fo much trouble to come on.

Mr. Crefwell. See, fimpleton, the confequence of fpeaking without thought!

Mrs. Crefwell. A little more, and you had been the death of Adrian.

Adrian. Pray, mama, forgive him! It was not his fault.

Gilbert. No, certainly. I bid him not be frightened. *(Adrian holds out his hand.)* However,

However, I am glad that you do not intend me any harm; and for the future, I will think no one dead, till ſuch time as I ſee him ten feet under ground, and fairly buried.

SCENE VIII.

Adrian, Mr. and Mrs. Creſwell, Julia, Trueman, Jane, Lubbin, Sukey.

Trueman, (running in.) O the wretch! where is he?

Sukey, (ſhewing Gilbert.) Look ye, father, here! *(Gilbert ſlinks behind his maſter.)*

Trueman. Who is this? *(Sukey and Lubbin run towards Adrian, who preſents them both to Julia; the farmer bows to Mr. Creſwell.)*

Mr. Creſwell, taking him by the hand.) My friend! what means this humble diſtance? With ſuch reſpect to bow before me! my preſerver! and not only mine, but that of all my family!

Trueman. Yes, ſir, it is another obligation that you have laid upon me. I have had the opportunity of ſhewing you my gratitude for all your favours.

Mr. Creſwell. You have done much more for me than ever I did yet for you, and more than I ſhall ever have it in my power to do.

Trueman. What ſay you, ſir? The ſervice of a moment only. I, on the other hand, have lived theſe eight years paſt by means of your bounty. You obſerve theſe fields, this farm: from you I had them. You have loſt your all; permit me therefore to return them. It will be happineſs enough for me, that I ſhall always have it in my power to ſay, I have not been ungrateful to my benefactor.

Mr. Creſwell. Well then, my good friend, I *do* permit you to return them; but on this proviſo, to enrich you with much better. You have, luckily for me, preſerved my ſtrong box that had all my writings in it, and thoſe writings are the beſt part of my fortune; ſo that to you I owe the preſervation of my whole property. Having now no houſe in London, I will go down into the country, whither you ſhall follow me, and we will fix our habitation at a ſeat that I have in Norfolk. All your children ſhall be mine.

Adrian.

Adrian. Ah! dear papa! I meant to beg as much. See here is my ſiſter Sukey, and here is Lubbin, my brother. If you knew the love and friendſhip that they have ſhewn to me! Poſſibly I might have now been dead, but for their kindneſs.

Mrs. Creſwell, (graſping Jane's hand.) Henceforth we will be but one family; and all our happineſs ſhall be in loving one another, like relations.

Jane. In the mean time, enter and repoſe yourſelves. Excuſe us, if our cottage cannot afford you the accommodations that we certainly could have wiſhed to do.

Trueman, (looking towards the hill.) I ſee my cart, ſir, and a number of poor people following. Will you give me leave to go and offer them the ſervice of which they are ſo much in need?

Mr. Creſwell. I will go with you, and conſole them likewiſe. I am too much intereſted in the melancholy accident that has diſtreſſed them, though far leſs a ſufferer by it.—Leſs! I ſhould have ſaid no ſufferer, but a gainer; for the day which I ſuppoſed, at firſt, to be ſo unfortunate, gives me back much more than I have loſt.

It gives me, in return for ſuch things as with money I can purchaſe, what is far beyond the value of all money ;—a new family and friends, who ſhall therefore be henceforth precious to my heart.

THE GOOD MOTHER.

A SONNET.

THE mother's tender heart, round whom
Her children throng in youthful bloom,
With love and tranſport overflows,
Such as a mother only knows,
What time her light deſcending hand
Gently taps one with action bland ;
Another to her heart cloſe folds,
Inmate already there, ſhe holds.
A third climbs joyous on her knee ;
While pleas'd the little thing to ſee,
Her hand aſſiſts, and with a ſmile
Kiſſing, ſhe pays the arduous toil.
Her foot, held out to ſerve as chair,
Dandles a fourth when ſeated there ;

So

So too the reſt, if more there be,
Round her, cloſe cling her progeny.
She reads all written in their eyes,
Their looks, careſſes, ſmiles and ſighs,
Theſe ſpeaking from the heart, declare
The thouſand little wiſhes there.
Their prattle all at once is heard,
And ſhe replies without a word;
For ſmiles alone are her reply:
While joyous they ſtand prating by.
Yet if it chance, a word amiſs,
A quarrel for the envied kiſs,
Or aught unfit to hear or view,
Among the little ones enſue,
A brow diſſatisfied ſhe takes,
Yet ſoon the low'ring ſtorm there breaks:
And while ev'n gloom o'ercaſts her mien,
That ſhe's a mother 'tis well ſeen.
In this, ſo obvious to man's ſenſe,
We ſee God's wond'rous providence,
That from the ſtores of heavenly grace,
Pours gifts on all the human race.
The rich, in fortune's lap high fed,
The poor beneath their lowly ſhed,
All on her ſmile ſubſiſt and ſhare
The bleſſings of her guardian care.

She knows their need, ſhe hears their cry,
And views them with a mother's eye:
To none, among her children, blind,
But ſcattering gifts on all mankind.
Let none then, with preſumptuous ſenſe,
Dare tax the rule of Providence
With rigorous or even partial views;
If for a ſeaſon it refuſe
Some bleſſing, to their heart thought dear,
As if averſe their prayer to hear;
For their ſoul's good, God's gracious will
Seems to ſubject them thus to ill,
That through affliction's rigid ways,
They may attain fair Virtue's praiſe.
Or rather, for ſuch love we find
In his compaſſionating mind,
When he vouchſafes them, or denies,
No leſs beneficent he is than wiſe.

THE PROPER USE OF TIME.

MORGAN, though a plain companion, was a ſpecial workman. He aſpired at nothing in his heart ſo much as

as to become a maſter; but he wanted money to ſet up.

A merchant, who was well acquainted with his induſtry, was willing to ſupply him with an hundred pounds, that he might open ſhop.

One may, without much difficulty, gueſs at Morgan's joy. In his imagination, he already had a warehouſe full of goods. He reckoned up how many cuſtomers would crowd to buy them, and what money he ſhould have at balancing his books.

Amidſt the extravagant emotions of that tranſport into which theſe notions threw him, he perceived an alehouſe. Come, ſaid he, and entered it, I will have a little pleaſure with one ſixpence of this money.

He demurred, however, ſome few moments, to call out for punch which was his favourite liquor, as his conſcience loudly told him that the moment of enjoyment was not yet arrived; that he was, firſt of all, to think of paying what his friend had lent him; and at preſent that it was not honeſt for him to lay out a penny of the ſum for things not abſolutely neceſſary. He was ready to come out again, impreſſed

by ſuch right notions, but bethought himſelf, on the other hand, that if he ſpent a ſixpence of his money, he ſhould ſtill have ninety-nine pounds nineteen ſhillings and a ſixpence left; that ſuch a ſum was full enough to ſet him up in trade, and that a ſingle half-hour's induſtry would compenſate for ſuch a trifling pleaſure as he wiſhed to have at preſent.

It was thus, that taking up the glaſs, he ſought to quiet his interior ſcruples; but alas, his preſent conduct was to open him a door to ruin.

On the morrow, ſo agreeable a recollection of his pleaſure at the ale-houſe filled his mind, that he was now leſs ſcrupulous with conſcience in expending one more ſixpence at it. He had ninety-nine pounds nineteen ſhillings ſtill remaining.

On the following days, the love of liquor had beſotted him in ſuch a manner, that he conſtantly returned to his beloved ale-houſe, but increaſed the quantum of his liquor, to a ſhilling's worth at firſt; then ſixpence more; and ſo on, till he came to half-a-crown; at which he ſeemed to make a ſtand, and every time, he could conſole

himſelf

himſelf with ſaying, It is but two-and-ſixpence that I am ſpending. Oh, I need not fear but I ſhall have enough to carry on my trade.

Such then was his deluſive way of reaſoning, in reply to what his conſcience whiſpered, which would now and then be heard. It did not ſtrike him, that his fortune was an even hundred pounds, and that the uſeful application of the whole depended on the fit employ to which he put its parts.

You ſee then, my dear little friends, how by inſenſible gradation he at length plunged into a life of extravagance. He found no longer any joy in induſtry, employed entirely as he was in contemplating on his preſent riches, which he fancied inexhauſtible; and yet, from day to day, he did not fail to find that they were diminiſhing. He was convinced, and his conviction all at once came over him juſt like a clap of thunder, that he could not make amends for his preceding diſſipation, as his benefactor would not be ſo fond of lending him another hundred pounds, when he had ſeen him ſo miſuſe the firſt.

Quite overcome with ſhame and grief, the more he ſought to ſtifle his ideas with hard drinking, ſo much the ſooner by a great deal, did his ruin fall upon him. And at laſt the frightful moment came, when quite diſguſted at the thought of induſtry, and being, as it were, an object of horror to himſelf, he regarded life as a burthen, ſince it preſented him with nothing but a proſpect of miſerable poverty whenever he looked forward.

He renounced his country, followed by deſpair, and joined a gang of ſmugglers, formidable for the ravages which they ſpread through every country on the coaſt. But Heaven did not permit their violence to remain long unpuniſhed. A diſgraceful death ſoon ended his career of wickedneſs.

Alas! if when his reaſon firſt of all addreſſed him, he had liſtened to the reproaches of his conſcience, eaſy in his ſituation, he might now have been enjoying, in repute and honour, the eaſe of a reſpectable and opulent old age.

You ſhudder, children, at his lamentable folly. Such is notwithſtanding that of multitudes among us, in the uſe which they make

make of life. It was beſtowed upon them that they might live happy in virtuous enjoyments, and yet they laviſh it upon every ſhameful diſſipation. They think that there will always be time enough left them, for the proper uſe thereof. However, in the interval, days, months, and years flow onward, and they find, at the concluſion of them, they have not made ſuch a uſe as they fondly propoſed. In ſome ſort, they are even happy if their conduct does not plunge them finally into deſpair.

BLIND-MAN's BUFF.

A DRAMA, in TWO ACTS.

CHARACTERS.

Mr. JEPHSON.
FRANK, *his Son.*
LUCY, } *his Daughters.*
ISABELLA, }
DORINDA, }
ALICE, } *their Friends.*
LAURA, *a little lame,* }
ELDER DANBY, }
YOUNGER DANBY, } *Friends to Frank.*
who ſtutters, }
ROBERTS, *their Acquaintance.*
Mr. Jephſon's Groom.

SCENE, *an apartment in the houſe of Mr. Jephſon, with a table, and upon it books and other papers, and a ſpeaking-trumpet in the corner.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Frank, (ſpeaking to his father as he goes down ſtairs.)

NO, no, papa, do not be afraid: I will take the greateſt care that no accident ſhall happen to your papers. I will put up your

THE MAHARAJA

Cook sc.

Blind Man's Buff

your books too in the clofet.—(*He comes forward, jumping for joy.*) We fhall have fome fine diverfion ! When the cat is away, the mice (it is faid) will play. (*To Lucy, who now comes in.*) Well now, Lucy, is mama gone out, and all our little friends arrived ?

Lucy. My friends are all three come ; but none of your companions yet.

Frank. O, I can eafily believe you fifter. We do not want to run a gadding like you girls ; and fo we are not the firft to keep appointments of this nature. You muft force us from our ftudy, if you would have us. Look you, I would lay any wager that the Danbys, at leaft, are hard at work, while we are fpeaking.

Lucy. Yes, to fettle what fine tricks they can contrive to put upon us.—But pray, Frank, is it true that papa will let us pafs the evening here? our room above is fo very fmall, we could not have found room to turn ourfelves well round.

Frank. Could my papa refufe you any thing, when I concerned myfelf to afk it ? Softly, little girl, do not difcompofe the papers.—Let them lie.

Lucy.

Lucy. Keep that advice, ſir, to yourſelf: I meant to lay them ſmooth.

Frank, (*with an air of importance.*) No, no, you cannot, miſs; I am charged with that commiſſion.

Lucy. Truly, my papa could not have given it to ſo orderly a gentleman! let me at leaſt aſſiſt you then; and afterwards I will put the chairs in order. Theſe great books I ſhall remove firſt.

Frank. Do not think of touching them! At moſt I can permit you only to take one by one, and pile them up upon my hands. (*She does ſo, till they reach his chin.*)

Lucy. There is enough.

Frank, (*leaning backwards.*) One more only.—So.—I have now ſufficient for one turn. (*He takes a ſtep or two, when all the books fall down.*)

Lucy, (*burſting out a laughing.*) Ha, ha, ha, ha! there, there they go! Thoſe handſome books that papa would never let us touch! I fancy he will be greatly pleaſed to ſee them all tumbled together thus!

Frank. I had loſt the center of gravity, as my tutor ſays; and you know, he is gravity itſelf. (*He picks the books up, but*

they

they tumble down as faſt as he gathers them.) Deuce take it! They have been at Sadler's Wells, I think, and learned to tumble, ſure!

Lucy. You will never finiſh, if I do not aſſiſt you. So d'ye ſee, I will ſpread my apron, and do you ſtoop down and pile them in it.

Frank. That is well thought of indeed! *(Frank goes upon his knees, takes up the books, and places them in order in his ſiſter's apron.)*

Lucy. Softly, brother, they will rub one againſt another! So; I have got them all, and now I will carry them into the cloſet. *(She goes out.)*

Frank, (riſing out of breath.) Bleſs me! I ſhould never do to live a long time in the country where men go upon all-fours like monkies. *(He fans himſelf with his hat.)*

Lucy, (re-entering.) Could you ſee how neatly I have ranged them on the chimney, you would be charmed! So let me have the reſt. *(Frank puts the other books and all the papers in his ſiſter's lap, who ſays, when ſhe receives them,)* Well, every body muſt acknowledge that girls are cleverer than boys.

Frank.

Frank. O yes, and you particularly. Iſabella is conſtantly employed in putting by your ſhreds and rags.

Lucy. And if your tutor had not conſtantly his eye upon you, you would never know where you ſhould find your exerciſes and tranſlations. (*She looks about her.*) But I fancy, I have now got them all.

Frank. Yes, yes; there is nothing left; ſo get you gone. (*Lucy goes out.*)

Frank, (*putting back the chairs and table in their places.*) There; ſo that is done, and we ſhall now have elbow-room enough. I cannot help thinking what fine work we ſhall be ſure to make. However, I am ſurpriſed that they are not come yet. For my part, I can ſay I hardly ever make any one wait for me when a viſit is in the caſe.

Lucy, (*entering once again, and looking round about.*) Ay, very well: but brother you muſt hide this ſpeaking trumpet. If your friends ſhould happen to perceive it, they will be ſure to ſtun us with their noiſe.

Frank. Stay, ſtay; I will put it up behind the door, as perhaps I ſhall want it. Let your little friends come now and din

me

me with their chattering, as they ufed to do, and we fhall fee who will cry out loudeft.

Lucy. Pfhaw! we need but join together; we fhould very fhortly get the upper hand of fuch a little thing as you.

Frank. O no; for if you ladies have your clappers fo well hung, we gentlemen poffefs a fine clear manly voice, which every one refpects: as thus—You hear me?

Lucy, (fhrugging up her fhoulders.) Yes; and have fo much refpect as you fay, for you, that I will take myfelf away. Farewel. I will run and join my friends.

Frank. And bid the fervant fend me up my vifitors when they arrive.

Lucy. Yes, yes. (*She withdraws.*)

Frank, (taking up the fpeaking-trumpet.) Here is what has often brought me from the furtheft corner of the garden, much againft my inclination; and, I think, I hear it ftill.——So ho! there! Frank! Frank!—My young friends live only at the corner of the ftreet. Let me fee if I can hurry them. (*He puts the trumpet to his mouth, throws up the window, and cries out,*)

Girls and boys come out to play,
The moon doth ſhine as bright as day:
Come with a whoop, and come with a call,
Come with good-will or not at all.

(*He leaves the window, and draws near the door.*) Well, is not this ſurpriſing! It is like Harlequin's enchanted horn. I think I hear them talking to each other on the ſtairs. (*He liſtens.*) Yes, yes! I proteſt the two Danbys. (*He puts the trumpet by.*) Suppoſe I were to jump now on the table, and receive them ſitting on my throne? (*He runs to fetch a ſtool that he may put it on the table; and prepares to take a ſpring, but the arrival of the two Danbys prevents him.*)

SCENE II.

Frank, Elder Danby, Younger Danby.

Frank. Could not you have ſtaid a little at the door till I was mounted on my throne, that I might give you audience, as they ſay, in all my glory?

Elder Danby. Good indeed! you have no occaſion for a throne to look exactly like a king. And active as you are, the throne might poſſibly cauſe your majeſty a tumble.

Frank. Why, to ſay the truth, I have read of many tumbles of that nature in my ancient hiſtory.

Elder Danby. And in ſome ſort, ſuch an accident has happened to my brother, though he is no great prince. He fell down ſtairs last week, and hurt his noſe conſiderably.

Younger Danby, (ſtuttering.) Yes indee-deed! It pains me ſti-ſtill a little, and that Ma-a-aſter Roberts is a very nau-au-aughty boy.

Frank. Does he deſign to come to-night?

Elder Danby. I hope not: if we had expected him here, we ſhould not have ſtirred out.

Younger Danby. He o-o-only thinks of mis-miſchief.

Frank. What has he done then?

Elder Danby. We were both going out laſt Saturday. I ſtopped to get a handkerchief: my brother went down ſtairs alone, and, as it happened, Roberts hearing ſome one, came out ſlily, jumped at once upon my

my brother, who was frighted, loſt his footing, and rolled down the ſtairs from top to bottom.

Frank. Poor Danby! I am ſorry for you. Roberts looks for all the world as if he loved ſuch miſchief. We ſhall have his company this evening for the firſt time in our lives: his father begged papa to let him come and ſee us.

Elder Danby. I am ſorry for it. For we do not ſpeak to one another.

Frank. My papa ſuppoſed you all good friends, becauſe you lodge together, and conſidered that you would have the greater pleaſure if he came.

Elder Danby. The greater pleaſure! We ſhould like to have him ten miles off. Since he has been our neighbour, we are continually uneaſy. He has frequently amuſed himſelf with breaking windows, and then tried to lay the blame on us.

Frank. Does no one make complaint about him to his father?

Elder Danby. Oh! I do not know what to make of him; he is ſuch an odd ſort of a man! He ſcolds a little, pays the damage, and that is all.

Frank.

Frank. If I were your papa, I would quit my lodgings and live ſomewhere elſe.

Elder Danby. Yes, ſo he means to do, and therefore yeſterday gave warning; and now we are forbidden all manner of connexion with this Roberts, he is ſo wicked! Would you think it, very few go by the houſe, without being apprehenſive that he will put ſome trick upon them. Sometimes he diverts himſelf by ſquirting puddle water at them, or elſe pelting them with rotten apples. Nay, he will ſometimes faſten rabbits tails or bits of rags behind their backs, at which the people, when they ſee it, all burſt out a laughing. Then too he has what he calls his *caxen fiſhery.*

Frank. Caxen fiſhery!

Elder Danby. Yes: he will take the people's wigs off, as they paſs him, with a hook, as you would catch carp. When any poor man ſtops before his window to converſe with an acquaintance, Roberts immediately goes up to the balcony, with a ſtring upon a fiſhing-rod, and at the end of it a hook, with which he jerks the poor man's wig off. Then he runs and ties it to a dog that he has before provided for the

the purpofe, after which he drives the creature out into the ftreet, and off he fets that inftant, fo that the poor perriwig has frequently been dragged for twenty minutes through the mud, before its owner can lay hold of it again.

Frank. But this is more than mere amufement!

Elder Danby. And yet this is nothing to the ftories that I could tell you. Why, he lames or bruifes all the dogs and cats that come within his reach. Nor is it long ago, when one of his relations broke a leg, by flipping down upon the ftairs where Roberts had been fcattering peas on purpofe. Ay, it is fo; or elfe our name is not Danby. And for the fervants, I am fure, his father would not get one to attend, if he did not pay extraordinary wages.

Frank. Shall I tell you now? I long to fee him. I like boys a little merry.

Elder Danby. Nothing is more natural: but Roberts's mirth is not like that of other boys. You, I know, love laughing in your heart; but would not, for the world, hurt any one; whereas this wicked fellow laughs at bumps and bruifes.

Frank

Frank. Oh that does not fright me in the leaſt. I ſhall be much more pleaſed in paying him as he deſerves.

Elder Danby. If he ſhould come, you will not be angry if my brother goes? He would do him ſome freſh miſchief.

Younger Danby. Ye-ye-yes, I will go.

Frank. No, no: we are old friends; and poſitively no new comer ſhall divide us. I will take care and manage him, I warrant you.—But do not I hear a noiſe upon the ſtairs?—It is Roberts.—No, I ſee my ſiſter and her company.

SCENE III.

Frank, Elder Danby, Younger Danby, Lucy, Iſabella, Dorinda, Alice, Laura.

Lucy. Your humble ſervant, my good friends! but why not ſeated, brother? You might eaſily have got the gentlemen a chair apiece, ſince they have been with you. Sure there has been time enough.

Frank. As if we did not know that it is uſual to ſtand up when we receive ladies.

Lucy. I am charmed to find you know

your duty; but where is Maſter Roberts? (*to the Danbys.*) I did ſuppoſe that you would have brought him with you.

Elder Danby. It is a long time now, thank Heaven, ſince we have been ſeparated from him.

Dorinda. Is he then unluckier than Lucy's brother?

Laura, (*archly.*) Certainly, he would be unlucky then indeed!

Alice. Lucy's brother! He is a very lamb to Roberts. We have known him for a long time. Have we not, dear ſiſter?

Laura. We have, and he has played me many a trick.

Alice. He was very intimate with Anthony my brother; but he is rid of him entirely now: why, he is the ſaddeſt fellow in the world!

Lucy. Oh, as for that, my brother is even with him there.

Dorinda. But to do miſchief merely for the pleaſure of it—there is the villainy!

Lucy. No, no, my brother is better than that comes to.

Frank, (*with an air of irony.*) Do you really think ſo? I am obliged to you!

Dorinda. Well, well, my dear Lucy, we will be under your protection, you are the biggeſt of us; and beſides, at preſent you are miſtreſs of the houſe, and may command him.

Lucy. Do not you be afraid. I will keep him perfectly in bounds.

Frank. Yes, yes, Lucy: you ſhall take care of the ladies, and for you, (*to the Danbys,*) I will take you under my protection.

Elder Danby. Oh! he will hardly think of playing tricks with me. He knows me, I aſſure you. I only fear for my brother.

Younger Danby. He makes ga-ga-game of me! yes, al-al-always!

Laura. That is his way; he always attacks the leaſt. He would never vex my ſiſter,—none but me.

Lucy. I can believe you: ſuch as he are always cowards. I compare him to a puppy following cloſe upon a cat as long as ſhe keeps running: but if once the cat turns round, and ſhews her whiſkers, then the puppy ſcampers for it.

Frank. Well then, ſiſter, you ſhall be the cat.

 Laura.

Laura. And let him ſee your whiſkers.

Lucy. But methinks it would not be amiſs if we ſat down. Though we expect this Mr. Miſchief-maker, we have no need, I fancy, to remain ſtanding up till he chuſes to appear.

Frank. Huſh! here he is.

SCENE IV.

Frank, Elder Danby, Younger Danby, Lucy, Iſabella, Dorinda, Alice, Laura, Roberts.

Roberts, (to Frank and his ſiſter, making them a bow.) Your ſervant. Your papa was pleaſed to let me wait upon you: ſo I am come to ſpend the evening with you.

Lucy. We are glad to ſee you, and ſhall have a deal of pleaſure in your company; at leaſt my brother.

Iſabella. Yes, indeed; he wants a good example.

Frank. Do I? So your good example, you would have the gentleman ſuppoſe, is not ſufficient.

Lucy. Well, a truce to compliments. As miſtreſs of the houſe, it is neceſſary that I ſhould

ſhould let you know who is who. This tall young lady, in the firſt place, is Miſs Dorinda Lambton.

Roberts, (*with a banter.*) I am charmed to hear it.

Lucy. And theſe are the Miſs——

Roberts. O, I know them very well. This here is (*pointing to Alice,*) my lady—what is her name? Pentweazle, that will take you off the company, as ſimple as ſhe ſeems: And, there is (*pointing to Laura, and limping round the room*) Miſs Up-and-down, who broke her leg by running from the rod. This gentleman, (*Elder Danby*) obſerve him, he is a grave wiſe Grecian, who looks ſtrait before him when he walks, as if he pitied us poor ſilly children. And this other good little friend of mine (*pointing to young Danby, and letting fall his hat,*) is Pe-pe-peter Grievous, whoſe dear mama forgot, poor creature! to untie his tongue when he was born. (*The children ſeem ſurpriſed, and ſtare at one another.*)

Frank. And who am I, ſir, for methinks you ſeem quite clever at this ſort of portrait painting?

 Roberts.

Roberts. Oh, I am not ſufficiently acquainted with you yet, to take your likeneſs: but I ſhall let you have it ſoon.

Lucy. For you, ſir, I could draw you at a glance, and I muſt tell you, the ſimilitude would not be very pleaſing. I could never have ſuppoſed it poſſible that any well bred little gentleman, as I imagine you affect to be, ſhould think of turning natural defects into a theme for banter. If my little friends were not ſincerely ſuch, they would have reaſon to reproach me for expoſing them to your indecency. But they can ſee that I could not have expected half ſo much myſelf.

Roberts. Why, Frank, I proteſt, your ſiſter is mighty eloquent. You need not go to church on Sundays, having ſuch a charming preacher in the houſe.

Frank. She has tolerable ſkill, when any one is to be told the truth; and therefore both my ſiſter Iſabella and I love her ſincerely.

Roberts. Well, well, you ſee I have tolerable ſkill likewiſe in telling truth; and therefore no doubt you will love me, too, ſincerely.

sincerely. (*He bows to Lucy.*) I ask your pardon, miss, for having taken your employment out of your hands, as you are yourself so clever at it.

Lucy. Your excuses and your bow are both an insult; but an insult, such as I despise. Though, were they on the other hand sincere, they would hardly make atonement for so coarse an incivility. If I had not considered every word that you said as meant in joke, however gross I cannot but suppose it, I should know what suited me to do, and should have done it likewise. Let me therefore beg, sir, that you will indulge in no more freedoms of this nature, if you mean that we should remain together.

Roberts, (somewhat embarrassed.) Well, but I see you do not understand a little harmless piece of banter. Let us be friends. (*He holds out his hand.*)

Lucy, (giving hers.) With all my heart, sir; but provided—

Roberts, (turning his back suddenly upon Lucy, and addressing young Danby.) You are an honest little fellow, too, and I will shake hands with you. (*He hesitates to*

give his hand, and therefore Roberts ſeizing on it, ſhakes his arm ſo roughly, that he falls a crying.)

Elder Danby. Maſter Roberts!

Frank, (laying hold of Roberts's arms.) Pray, ſir, let this child alone; or—

Roberts. Well—or what?——my little Jack-a-dandy.

Frank, (boldly.) I am little, I acknowledge, but yet ſtrong enough; and ſo you will find me, when my friends require to be defended.

Roberts. Say you ſo? in that caſe I ſhould like to be one of them. But beforehand, if you pleaſe, we will have a bruſh, juſt to ſee how you will be able to defend them.

(Roberts on a ſudden tries to fling him down; but Frank ſtands his ground, and Roberts falls. The company ruſh in to part them.)

Frank. But one moment, if you pleaſe, young ladies. I will not do him any harm. Well, Mr. Roberts, pray how do you find yourſelf? I fancy I am your maſter.

Roberts, (ſtruggling.) Take your knee off,—or you will ſtifle me.

Frank. No, no; you muſt not think of getting up, unleſs you firſt aſk pardon.

Roberts,

Roberts, (furiously.) Pardon!

Frank. Yes, sir, and of all the company, as you have certainly offended all the company.

Roberts. Well, well; I do ask pardon.

Frank. If you should insult us again, be assured, we will send you down into the cellar till to-morrow morning, which will surely cool your courage. That is much better than to hurt you. We do not think you worth the trouble.—Rise. *(He gets from off him, and when both are up, continues.)* You have no right to be offended; for remember, it was yourself began the contest. *(Roberts seems ashamed.)*

Dorinda, (aside to Isabella.) I could never have supposed your brother half so valiant!

Isabella. Oh! a lion is hardly bolder; and yet, Dorinda, he never quarrels. He is, in short, although I say it, the best tempered little fellow in the world. *(To the company.)* But what are we doing? We ought to think of some amusement for the evening.

Frank. Certainly we ought, or why are we all come together? Well, what play

ſhall we chuſe? Something funny? What ſay you, Danby?

Elder Danby. We will let the ladies chuſe. (*Roberts makes mouths at Frank and Danby: the reſt pretend as if they did not ſee him.*)

Lucy. There, Frank; there is a leſſon for you: we may chuſe. Well then, ſuppoſe we play at queſtions and commands? or poſſibly you would like a game at cards much better?

Laura. I ſhould rather play at ſomething with the leaſt Danby. If you have a picture-book, we will turn it over: ſhall we?

Younger Danby. O o-o-oh, yes, yes.

Lucy. With all my heart, ſweet dears! I will carry you up ſtairs. You will neither want for pictures nor playthings there. (*Laura and the Younger Danby take hold of one another by the hand, and jump for joy.*)

Lucy, (*to the ladies.*) My friends, will you go with me for amuſement into my apartment? I have a charming bonnet that you will like to ſee.

All (*together.*) Yes, yes, yes; let us go.

Elder Danby. Will you accept my hand as far as your apartment, Miſs Lucy?

Lucy.

Lucy. Rather let Mifs Dorinda or Alice have it, if they pleafe.

(*The elder Danby prefents his hand to Alice, who happens to ftand near him.*)

Roberts. What then, do you mean to leave me by myfelf here?

Frank. No, fir; thefe young ladies will excufe me, fo I fhall ftay: but I am obliged to leave you for a moment.

Roberts. Are you? but I will follow you. I do not like to be left alone by night, and in a houfe where I am a ftranger.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Frank, Roberts.

Roberts. The truth is, I was apprehenfive left you might think of playing me fome trick; fo I accompanied you. But now that we are returned, and all alone, we may devife fome mirth between us.

Frank. Very willingly; I afk no better: fo let us think a little.

Roberts. We muft have fome fun, I fancy with the younger Danby.

Frank.

Frank. If by fun you mean ſome trick to hurt him, I ſay no: I ſhall be in a joking humour; ſo pray leave him out, if you are bent on miſchief.

Roberts. They told me that you were always merry, and fond of ſomething funny.

Frank. And ſo I am: but, notwithſtanding, without hurt to any one. However, let me know what ſort of fun you meant.

Roberts. Look you: here are two large needles. I will ſtick them both with the points upward in the bottom of two chairs, that common eyes ſhall not diſcern them. In the next place you ſhall offer two of theſe young ladies the two chairs, for very likely they would ſuſpect that I meant them miſchief of ſome ſort or other, and they will naturally both ſit down: but figure to yourſelf what ſtrange grimaces they will both make! Ha! ha! ha! ha! It makes me die a laughing, when I barely think what faces we ſhall ſee them put on! Ay, ay! and your prudiſh ſiſter, too, will find the matter quite diverting.

Frank. But ſuppoſe I were to treat you juſt in the ſame manner, would you like it?

Roberts.

Roberts. Oh! treat me! that is different; but thoſe little idiots——

Frank. So you call them idiots, do you, ſince they are not miſchievous?

Roberts. Well, you are mighty formal and preciſe. Then ſhall I mention ſomething elſe?

Frank. Yes, do.

Roberts. Then I have ſome thread as ſtrong as whipcord in my pocket. I will thread one of theſe great needles with a little of it; and as ſoon as they are all come down, one of us ſhall go up politely towards them, make a deal of ſcraping, and wry faces, while the other, keeping ſtill behind, ſhall ſew their gowns together. They will all want to dance, as you may gueſs; ſo up we will come, and take them out.—Ha! ha! you know the reſt; ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Frank. Yes, to tear their gowns, and get them anger when their parents find it out?

Roberts. Why there is the fun.

Frank. What! have you no pleaſure then in any thing but doing miſchief?

Roberts. But it does not hurt me—

Frank. O ho! I underſtand: you think of

no

no one but yourſelf, and all the world is nothing to you!

Roberts. Well; but we are come together to divert ourſelves, and we muſt poſitively have ſome laughing. So ſuppoſe we frighten Laura and the leaſt Danby?

Frank. But that is quite wrong. Supposing any one ſhould frighten you?

Roberts. With all my heart, if any one is but able. I am afraid of nothing.

Frank, (*aſide.*) Say you ſo?—That we ſhall ſee, perhaps.——(*Aloud to Roberts.*) Well, about this frightening?

Roberts. I have an ugly maſk at home. I will run and fetch it. And do you, when I am gone, contrive to bring the little children down, and you ſhall ſee—I will not be abſent half a minute.

Frank, (*aſide.*) Good!—There ſhall be a better maſk ready for you, though!—(*To Roberts, calling him back.*) But Roberts! Roberts!

Roberts. What is the matter?

Frank. It will be better that we ſhould come upon them where we are, if I can bring the others down; for when there are but two or three in this part of the houſe, there

there ſometimes comes a ſpirit; and in that caſe, we ourſelves ſhould be but badly off.

Roberts. What is all this ſtory of a ſpirit?

Frank. Nay, it is true. At firſt one hears a noiſe, and then a phantom with a lighted torch glides by, and then the room ſeems all on fire. (*He draws back, as if afraid.*) Oh! methinks I ſee it now.

Roberts, (a little frightened.) See what?—O dear!—And what can bring the phantom here?

Frank. (drawing Roberts towards a corner, and then whiſpering to him.) The reaſon, as we are told, is this: There was a miſer who lived here formerly, and he was robbed one night of all his money. In deſpair he cut his throat, and now from time to time his ghoſt goes up and down—

Roberts, (in a tremble.) O ho! I will ſtay no longer here, unleſs you get more company.

Frank. But recollect how brave you were juſt now.

Roberts. You muſt not fancy I am afraid:—but—but—but—but—but I will go and fetch my maſk.

Frank.

Frank. Do, do: and I will prepare things here.—What pleaſure we ſhall have!

Roberts, (with a grin.) Oh! enough to make one die with laughing!

Frank. They will be finely frightened!

Roberts. That they will! and therefore I will make haſte. I am at home and back again—you ſhall ſee how ſoon! *(He goes out.)*

Frank, (alone.) Ah! ah! you want to frighten others, and are not afraid yourſelf! Well! well! I have a thought of ſomething that will frighten you, or I am very much miſtaken.

SCENE II.

Frank, Lucy, Iſabella, Dorinda, Alice, Elder Danby.

Lucy. We ſaw Maſter Roberts run acroſs the ſtreet this moment! What is the matter? Have you had a quarrel?

Frank. On the contrary, he thinks me his beſt friend. I have ſeemed willing to go ſhares with him in a trick that he means to put upon the little ones above; but it is himſelf that he will trick, and never wiſh to come here a third time.

Lucy. Well, what is your project?

Frank. You ſhall know very ſoon. At preſent I have no time to loſe, for every thing muſt be in readineſs againſt his coming back: ſo, ladies, I requeſt permiſſion to be abſent for about five minutes.

Dorinda. Yes, go, go: but do not ſtay longer. We are all impatient to be told what you deſign.

Frank. I ſhall certainly let you know when I have finiſhed my preparations. So once more with your leave. I will come again in leſs, perhaps, than five minutes. (*He goes out.*)

Lucy. Ah! ah! ah!—Two pretty fellows together! We ſhall ſee what good comes out between them! They are well matched.

Elder Danby. Oh! for Heaven's ſake, Miſs Lucy, do not do ſuch diſhonour to my friend, your brother, as to name him and that wicked Roberts together.

Alice. You are in the right, Danby. One is nothing but politeneſs, and the other quite a ſavage.

Iſabella. Savage as he is, however, I would

would lay a wager that Frank will be found his maſter.

Dorinda. What a piece of ſervice Frank would do us, could he clear the houſe of ſuch a fellow! We ſhall have no pléaſure all the evening, if he ſtays among us.

Lucy. I am afraid, however, Frank will proceed too far, and think himſelf permitted to do any thing againſt this Roberts.

Elder Danby. He can never do enough; and though his ſcheme ſhould be a little hard on Roberts, there will be inſtruction in it: it is the greateſt ſervice that one can do him: and his father, I am perſuaded, will be pleaſed with Frank, when he hears what pains he has taken to inſtruct his ſon. Alas! he would part with half his fortune, to have Roberts like him.

Alice. So Lucy, do not you go about to thwart your brother's good intentions.

Lucy. But, my dear Miſs Alice, I am in a ticklish ſituation: I am now in the place of my mama, and cannot poſſibly let any thing go forward that ſhe would not approve.

Alice. Let him have his way. We will take the blame of what he does upon ourſelves.

Iſabella. Yes, let him, ſiſter. War, I ſay, war; war for ever with the wicked!

Frank, (*returning joyfully*.)—I have ſettled every thing, and Roberts may appear whenever he thinks proper. We will receive him.

Lucy. But, I hope, you will tell me—

Dorinda. Yes, we will be in the plot too: and more than that, aſſiſt you if we can.

Frank. No, ladies, that is not neceſſary. There is a little violence, I muſt acknowledge, in my plot, and therefore I will not make you parties. I have been ſettling every thing with Ralph in the ſtable. He conceives my meaning clearly, and will ſecond it with great dexterity.

Lucy. But ſtill, you do not acquaint me—

Frank. This is all of the contrivance that you need know. We will go to Blind-man's Buff, that Roberts may ſuſpect no harm on his return. I will let myſelf be caught, and he or ſhe that blinds me muſt

take

take care that I may have an opportunity of ſeeing through the handkerchief, and fixing upon Roberts. After he is blinded, you ſhall ſteal into the cloſet, take away the lights, and leave us both together. When I want your aid, I will call you.

Elder Danby. But if Roberts ſhould proceed to thraſh you in your tête-à-tête?

Frank. Proceed to thraſh me! You obſerved how eaſily I flung him down. I am not afraid of ſuch a one as he, for I have found him to be nothing but a coward: ſo that is fixed. But firſt, we muſt have both the little ones down ſtairs, or Roberts might go up and frighten them while we are talking here together. So pray, ſiſter, (*to Iſabella*,) go and bring them down.

Iſabella. Yes, yes. (*She goes out*.)

Lucy. But, brother, I am not clear that I ſhould permit you——

Alice. What is the matter? Let him do, I tell you, as he pleaſes.

Frank. Yes, yes, ſiſter; and rely on my diſcretion. You are ſenſible, I do not like miſchief, for the ſake of miſchief: therefore he ſhall not have half the puniſhment that he merits, but come off when I have

 frightened

frightened him a little; and that is all the harm that I mean to do him.

Lucy. Well then, Frank, on your promiſe of diſcretion—

Frank. Yes, I promiſe you no leſs. So let us make haſte, and put the things to rights, that all may be in order here too when he comes—(*They put away the chairs and table. Iſabella in the mean time comes down with Laura and younger Danby.*)

Frank, (*going up to Laura and younger Danby*,)—Come, come, my little friends, into this cloſet; but take care and do not make any noiſe, or Roberts very poſſibly will hear you.

Iſabella. I will conduct them. There is a book of pictures in it; and I will ſtay to ſhew them whatever they like.

Laura. I thought the tea was ready: May we not ſtay here with you till it comes in?

Frank. I ſhall fetch you when the ſervant brings it: but at preſent you muſt go into the cloſet: Roberts wants to frighten you, and I will not let him.

Younger Danby. Ye-ye-yes, let us go, my de-

de-de-dear. (*Iſabella takes up a candle, and goes in with Laura and younger Danby.*)

Frank. We comprehend, I ſuppoſe, what we are to do? My eyes not wholly covered, and, whenever I may give the ſignal, you muſt take away the light, and get into the cloſet; but particularly, a perfect ſilence.

Dorinda. Yes, we underſtand you.

Frank. I believe, I hear a noiſe! huſh! huſh! huſh! (*he liſtens at the door.*)

Yes, yes; it is he! it is he! be quick, let one of you be blinded.

Dorinda. I will begin. Who takes my handkerchief? (*Alice blinds Dorinda, and they begin to run about.*)

SCENE III.

Frank, Lucy, Dorinda, Alice, Roberts.

(*Roberts, as he enters, pinches Dorinda, on which ſhe throws her hands out, and lays hold of him.*)

Dorinda. It is Maſter Roberts. I well know him by his pinching me.

Frank. It is Maſter Roberts; but he was not in the play. You muſt begin again.

Roberts.

Roberts. Undoubtedly, Frank is right.

Dorinda. Well, be it ſo: but if I catch you again, it ſhall be all fair. Remember, I have warned you.

Roberts. O yes, yes. (*He takes Frank aſide, and lets him ſee a little of the maſk.*) What think you of it?

Frank, (feigning to be frightened.)—O how frightful! I ſhould certainly be terrified at ſeeing it myſelf. Well, hide it carefully: we will play a little, and then ſlip away.

Roberts, (whiſpering Frank.)—Yes, yes, we will: but I muſt, firſt of all, do ſome-hing to teize the ladies.

Frank, (whiſpering Roberts.)—I will go up to Dorinda, and turn her round: if ſhe ſhould catch me, ſhe will ſuppoſe it to be you, and muſt ſet out again.

Roberts, (whiſpering Frank.)——Good! good! I will have a little fun with her too.

Alice. Well; when will you have told each other all your ſecrets? Two fine gentlemen! why, do not you ſee, the game ſtands ſtill?

Roberts. You need not ſtay for us; we are ready.

Frank, (keeping near Miſs Dorinda, as if

he wished to pull her by the gown, and seeing Roberts go to fetch a chair,)—(*Aside.*) Now, Miss Dorinda, I will put myself into your way.

(*Roberts brings a chair, and puts it so that Dorinda may tumble over it: but Frank takes the chair away, and puts himself instead, upon his hands and feet, with so much noise, that Dorinda may hear him. As she slides along her feet, as if at hazard, she encounters Frank, stoops and seizes him.*)

Dorinda, (*after having felt about his cape and wrists, and seeming doubtful.*) It is Master Frank.

Frank, (*in appearance disconcerted.*)—Yes, indeed; I am mistaken. What ill luck! so soon?

Dorinda, (*pulling off the bandage.*)—O, ho! you wanted to throw me down! I thought nobody but Master Roberts played such tricks; but it shall not be long before I take revenge.

(*She covers Frank's eyes, but so that he can see a little; leads him towards the middle of the room, and then, as is the custom of the game, asks him,*) How many horses in your father's stable?

Frank.

Frank. Three; black, white, and grey.

Dorinda. Turn about three times, and catch whom you may.

(*Frank gropes his way from place to place, and lets himſelf be joſtled as they pleaſe. Miſs Dorinda particularly plagues him; he pretends to follow her, but all at once turns round, and falls on Roberts.*)

Frank. Ah! ha! I have caught you! have I? It is a boy. It is Roberts! (*pulling off the handkerchief.*) Yes, yes, I am miſtaken.

Roberts, (*whiſpering Frank.*) Why lay hold on *me*?

Frank, (*whiſpering Roberts.*) Do not mind it. You ſhall catch Danby. I will puſh him towards you.

Roberts, (*whiſpering Frank.*) Do! and you ſhall ſee how I will make him ſqueak: I will pinch him till the very blood comes.

(*Frank begins to cover Roberts's eyes, and gives his company a nod, as he had ſettled it. Elder Danby, aſſiſted by the little ladies, takes away the light, and all together run into an adjoining cloſet, without making any noiſe.*)

Elder Danby, (*juſt before he ſteps into the cloſet.*) Well: have you finiſhed? Oh, make haſte.

haste. You take a deal of time. What mischief are you whispering to each other?

(*At this instant the groom presents himself at the door; he has a lighted torch in one hand, and a stick beneath it in the other, with a large full-bottomed wig upon it. He is covered head and all, with Mr. Jephson's gown, which trails along upon the ground behind him. Frank beckons him to stay a little at the entrance, while he is blinding Roberts.*

Frank, (*putting Roberts in the middle of the room.*) How many horses in your father's stable?

Roberts. Three; black, white, and grey.

Frank. Turn about—(*pretending to be angry with the others.*) Be quiet pray, young ladies, and not quit your places till the game is begun.—Turn about three times, and catch whom you may.

(*While Roberts turns about, Frank runs for the speaking-trumpet, bids the groom untie a chain that he has about his waist, which falling makes a hideous noise, and then he cries out lustily himself.*) The ghost! the ghost! Run, Roberts, for your life.

(*He claps the door to violently, hides himself behind the groom, and speaking through the trumpet,*

trumpet, ſays) It is you then that come to ſteal my treaſure?

Roberts, (trembling with fear, and not daring to pull off the bandage.) Fire! fire! Danby! where are you, Frank! murder! murder! Dorinda!

Frank. (ſpeaking through the trumpet.) I have ſcared them all away.—Pull off your bandage, and look at me.

(Roberts, without pulling off the bandage, puts both hands before his face, retiring as the ghoſt advances on him.)

Frank. Pull it off, I ſay——

(Roberts makes ſhift to pull the bandage down, which falls about his neck. He dares not lift his eyes up; but at laſt when he obſerves the ghoſt, he ſcreams out, and has not power to move.)

Frank. I know you well, your name is Roberts.

(Roberts hearing this, runs up and down to get away: he finds the door ſhut faſt, falls down upon his knees, holds out his hands, and turns away his head.)

Frank. What, do you think to eſcape me, do you?

Roberts, (after ſeveral efforts.) I have done

done nothing to you. You were never robbed by me.

Frank. Never robbed by you? You are capable of any villainy! Who ſquirts at people in the ſtreet? Who faſtens rabbits' tails behind their backs? Who fiſhes for their wigs? Who lames poor dogs and cats? Who ſticks up pins in chairs to prick his friends when they ſit down? And who has in his pocket, even now, a maſk to frighten two poor little children?

Roberts. I have done all this! indeed I own it! but for heaven's ſake pardon me, and I will not do ſo any more.

Frank. Who will anſwer for you?

Roberts. Thoſe that you have frightened away, if you will but call them.

Frank. Do you promiſe me yourſelf?

Roberts. Yes, yes; upon my honour.

Frank. Well then, I take pity on you: but remember, had it been my pleaſure, I might eaſily fly away with you through the window.

(*Here the phantom ſhakes his torch, which gives a glare like lightning, and then goes out. Roberts almoſt ſwooning with terror, falls down on his face.*)

SCENE

SCENE *the Laſt.*

Roberts, Frank, the Groom, Mr. Jephſon.

Mr. Jephſon, (entering with a candle in his hand.) What is all this diſturbance?

Roberts, (without looking up.) It is not I that make it. Pray, pray, do not come near me!

Mr. Jephſon, (perceiving Roberts on the ground,) Who can this be on the ground?

Roberts. You know me well enough, and have already taken pity on me.

Mr. Jephſon. I have already taken pity on you!

Roberts. It was not I that robbed you.

Mr. Jephſon. Robbed me! what does all this mean? Do not I know you, Maſter Roberts?—

Roberts. Yes, yes; that is my name, good ghoſt: ſo pray do not hurt me,

Mr. Jephſon. I am aſtoniſhed! why in ſuch a poſture? *(He puts down the light, holds out his hand and lifts him up.)*

Roberts, (ſtruggling firſt of all, but knowing Mr. Jephſon afterwards.) Mr. Jephſon, is it you? *(his features brighten.)* He is gone

gone then! is he? *(he looks round about him, fees the ghoft and turns away again.)* There, there he ftands!—the phantom!—don't you fee him?

(Frank brings the children from the clofet. Laura and younger Danby are frightened at the groom's appearance; but the reft burft out a laughing.)

Mr. Jephfon. Well! what fignifies all this?

Frank, (coming forward.) Let me explain the whole, papa. This phantom is your groom; and we have put on him your wig and gown.

The Groom, (letting fall his difguife.) Yes, fir, it is I.

Mr. Jephfon. An odd fort of fport this, Frank!

Frank. True; but afk the company if Mafter Roberts has not well deferved to be thus frightened. He defigned to frighten Laura and Danby: I only wifhed to hinder him. Let him but fhew the frightful mafk that he has about him.

Mr. Jephfon, (to Roberts.) Is this true?

Roberts, (giving him the mafk.) I cannot deny it: here it is, fir.

Mr.

Mr. Jephſon. You have met with nothing, then, but what you deſerve.

Dorinda. We perſuaded Miſs Lucy to permit her brother to make uſe of this device in order to puniſh Roberts.

Alice. If you knew beſides, ſir, all the other tricks that he meant to play us—

Mr. Jephſon. What, ſir, is this the ſample that you give us of your behaviour, the firſt time you ſet foot within my doors? You have been diſreſpectful to me in the perſon of my children, who were pleaſed with the expectation of having you as their gueſt. You have been diſreſpectful to theſe ladies, whom I need not ſay you ſhould have honoured and regarded. So be gone! Your father, when he comes to know that you have been thus turned out of doors, will ſee how neceſſary it is to correct the vices of your heart. I will not permit your deteſtable example to corrupt my children. Go, and never let me ſee you here again! *(Roberts is confounded, and withdraws.)* And you, my friends, although the circumſtances of the caſe may very poſſibly excuſe what you have done, yet never, for the time to come, indulge yourſelves in ſuch

ſuch a ſport. The fears which have power to affect children at a tender age, may poſſibly be followed by the worſt conſequences during their whole life. Avenge yourſelves upon the wicked only by behaving better; and remember after the example which Maſter Roberts has afforded you, that by intending harm to others, you will ofteneſt bring it down upon yourſelves.

END OF VOL. IV.